

# THE POEMS

I.N  
THREE PARTS

Poeticall Application  
viz. Job's Adversity,  
Poeticall Prayers.

WITH  
MANS LOOKING-GLASS

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By ARTHUR NAS

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Phil. 3. 1. Let every thing that hath breath

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In me glory.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

J A M E S,  
EARLE OF  
SOUTH-ESK,

LORD CARNEY, of KINNARD,  
and LEWCHERS.

Most Noble,

Are I ( whose slender Quil can scarce  
advance

To speak above the rooſ of Ignorance )  
So ſtand alone ? No, no; my Maie  
doth call

For a ſupporter, leſt ſhe catch a ſtrake  
With Icarus, her wings are newly ſpread,  
But ſhe to flighter highly is afraid :  
Nor 'gainſt Paternal-counſell will ſhe forſt,  
Leſt ſhe descend to the Icarean Shoas,  
She is afraid of Phœbus, leſt he ſpie  
Her youthfull elevation, and envy  
Her Morning-fac'd Experience, which but green  
Hath neither felt much, neither much hath ſeen.

Not will my Muſe, with Phœbus in fume  
To guide along, leſt that the putt

Epistle Dedicatory.

descended Sun arise above  
your Circles, to the nese of Jove:  
with a Thunder-bolt incontinent  
May show its conduct is impertinent.

No, rather shall it retrograde in motion,  
Till it approach unto Oblivions Ocean,  
And there be sunk in silence, or take flight,  
Ne're to return, untill the Poles do meet.

Then whether shall my wav'ring wings direct  
Their trembling motion, with a sad aspect:  
Put unto You, Most Noble? whose protection  
Indues my Place with a full perfection:  
For if your Presence pleaseth to protect,  
None dare attempt the boldnesse to object:  
Then shall my Muse be guided gloriously  
By your most Noble Conduct, and shall fly  
Throughout the dusty Glob; for its perfection  
Only depends upon your sweet Acceptation.

Then, My L O R D, admit this glorious guise,  
To see Your Servant Penn, Your Patronize.

Accept my Mite, most Noble, I do crave  
No more; its much, because its all I have.  
Therefore, most Noble, do receive the same,  
And let it be thrice happy in your Name.  
Its beg'd of no pretence but this, I know  
You honour it and him in doing so,

Who is the humblest of Your  
Lordships servants.

# TO THE R E A D E R.

Courteous Reader,

**T**'s my emolous desire, thy profit; in perusal, may parallel the pleasure I had in Penning: in which let this be thy chief, To give glory to the Glorious Efficient; and likewise, wish for a double portion of the Instrument: And that your requests may obtain your intent, let it be your study; the which, ye may conjecture, will be my prayer: in the end of which, (kind Reader) you may be the partner of a purer portion. I know, I will not be here forc'd to beseech and pray thee to accept it; for, if thou be one of these to whom I write, thou wilt (doubtlesse) entertain it with affection:

Only, Use it, and peruse it,

Love it, and approve it.

It's not to the criticall or curios Reader that I write to, who love more to pitch their profit; and whose affections incline more to squand helter skelter, in the delights (if there be such) of unswelled non-truth, than in letting their reason

## To the Reader.

far nobler Directions. Neither are these ensuing  
in PLATO's pocket or APOLLO's perusal: No, no; let  
these get hence to accompany their own crew, every  
Fellow to his Companion, Dogs and Swine to husks,  
and the carping Critick to the Devil; since this would  
mar the meekest mater, and that (if it were possible)  
the most constant Christian: But let the Children  
eat their Bread. I shall say but this to the Critick,  
Let him not attempt to touch the fancy, lest he make  
foppery of faith, seeing this depends so jointly on that,

Vel tuâ æde, vel noli nostrâ carpere.

But, kind Reader, enter thou, and let the fruit be  
pleasant to thy taste. Touch, take, taste, and fear  
not; for this fruit is offered, not forbidden. I could  
wish they had the force to make thee KNOW THY  
SELF, that henceforth thou mayest labour, in Christ,  
to disburden thy self of thy self. He that knoweth  
himself best, loveth himself least. But I detain you:  
Enter the Orchard, take the Fruit, and pluck the  
Flowers that are most delectable: Let the best be thy  
choice, but let the bad remain to him,

Who delights to plant to thy  
profite and pleasure,

A. N.

To

T. W. To the Author.

Since that thy younger years do blossom forth  
Such fragrant Flowers, W<sup>ch</sup>o then shall praise the world  
Right of that, which thy Mawrky  
Shall yet send forth unto Posterity?  
Go to, let not thy Talent be in vain,  
Improve it, N<sup>AS</sup>MY<sup>TH</sup>, so thy M<sup>AST</sup>ER<sup>’</sup>s gain;  
For this thy Father the way hath now prepar<sup>d</sup>;  
Come boldly forth, thou needst not be afeard.

On the Authors praise, and laudable Practice.

YE Lovers of Celestiall Muses, favour  
These Lines, which of Celestiall speeches favour  
Their Subject it compells you to esteem  
These Truths Divine, that’s Holy and Sublime;  
Nor Frolick, or Chyme-ick nations err,  
But Heavenly, Holy, and Mysterious Acts;  
Applying them most pow’fully, and plain,  
To the souls good of every Christian.  
Are the Spring-Blossoms of his youthfull dayes  
Deserves the honour of a Crown of Bayes.  
I need not show thee, Reader, how, or what  
Shall thy acceptance be; his Touch pleads that.

D. A.

To the Mighty  
L Y O N  
Of the Tribe of *YUDAH*,  
And Transcendent  
L O R D  
of the Gentiles.

Great GOD ! with thy Diviner breath inspire  
My dead Triangle with thy holy Fire ;  
And with these Sparklings kindle the Beholder :  
O ! let my Soul act what the Sp'rit hath told her.  
Inflame my heart with Knowledge, Zeal & fear,  
That, where my Judgment fails, I may admire.  
Be present with me, GOD, and surely then  
I'll fear the censure of no mortall man.

Thy Hand-work,  
Root of Jezreel.



## Poeticall Applications.

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### 1. The Chaos.



Ought but a dark confused *Chaos* wall  
Before the Lord did make his power  
to passe,

By speaking but the word, and it  
was done.

But here is matter, Lord, to worke  
upon:

Therefore (with pardon) let me pray thee thus,

Hear thou my suits, bow down to grant my wish.

*My sinfull mind's a Mass,* and stiled right,

Move on its angles, Lord, command the light;

ay, *Let there be light,* and my heart shall then

appear most glorious in the sight of men.

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### 2. Marriage ordain'd of GOD.

Six dayes being past, Gods holy labour done,

Sanctifi'd the seventh, man in the Garden.

## Poeticall Applications.

With the Woman, Marriage did ordain  
new-made Creature and the Man between.  
Even so, O Lord, as Thou hast made my heart,  
Reduce it to a form by holy Art ;  
Then sanctify't, and let their *Nuptials* be  
Soon celebrate 'twixt Christ Thy Son and me.

---

### 3. Mans Fall.

The Serpents wisdom *Satan* did abuse,  
Add by its craft made *Woman* to seduce  
*Adam* ; so knew them naked for to be,  
And from the presence of the Lord did flee :  
In acting which, in them they did deface  
The glorious Image of God's Divine Grace.  
Ingrave Thy Image on this Mass of mine ;  
But, Lord, remove all pleasures from my sight  
That's terrene : Bless me with thy Grace Divine,  
That still I may obtain thy saving Light.  
So having this, may shun forbidden Fruit,  
Eviting Serpents that may cause me do't.

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### 4. Fratricide.

What mighty stroak was this? what desperat hand  
That kill'd the fourth part of the world or land?  
Was't not great murther? blood-thirsty was not he  
That in his world left not a soul but *Three*?  
One never was *One*, the other *Two*

Fel

## Poetical Applications.

Fell from perfection, by presumption too.  
We are the abstracts of these men, how then  
Can we, poor we, but be unhappy men?

Then, Lord, as we're the abstracts of these men,  
So let us be abstracted from their *Sin*.

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### 5. The Deluge.

ALL was at rest, each creature at its ease,  
There's nought to do, but marry whē they please.  
Was there no God to serve? No, there was none,  
Who sought the Lord, but Noah's house alone,  
An Ark therefore, for Noah must be made,  
To swime upon the waters swelling head.  
The Ark is made, his household enter in,  
The Flood it swels, the World is draw'd therein.  
My soul's deludg'd with sin, O Lord with love,  
Frame thou an Ark, that I may swime above,  
And so my sighs I'll send thee as the Dove,  
And they'll, as she, bring branches of thy love,  
But when this great deluge of sin shall passe,  
Yet let thy Ark rest in its dwelling place.

### 6. BABEL.

Yet evil's not past, there's now  
There's yet a soul to tempe the world,  
He and his followers have nought to do,  
Therefore they'll frame a Tower, to reach the

the cloudy Skie, and to the Heaven, and they  
Will make them known unto Posterity.

Foolish are they, for in the midst they stick,  
One calls for slime, another bringeth brick :  
And being foil'd by the Almighty God,  
Both here and there, were scattered abroad,  
And made the World to understand and know,  
Against his will, the earth can nothing do.

Infuse thy Spirit in my deadned heart,  
That it may keep a medium, in each art,  
Lest *Elevation*, it procure me wo,  
To plain upon the Earth, will hurt me to,  
Lest in *ascent* my fancies be confus'd,  
Lest while below my hie thoughtes be abus'd.  
Riches, and Wealth, makes worldly men bereaven  
Of all things heavenly, or the glore of Heaven.  
O! gracious God, make me not rich nor poor,  
The first will tempt, the last begets despair.

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7. *Abram's name and Sarai's changed.*

**H**ow now blest Patriarch, how or why became  
Thy name thus changed unto *Abraham*?  
Its the Almighty's will, he merit better,  
And little paines for us to add a letter,  
Father of many Nations, he hath made thee.  
Therefore, *Abraham*, blest shall all thy Seed be,  
But is it fit that *Abraham* should alone,  
Be Father over many Nation?

## Poeticall Applications.

No; her's a Helper, *Sara*, so her name  
Was turned *Sarah*, Princesse or a Dame;  
*Sarah* is nintie, yet this Dame must bear,  
And Kings of people must proceed of her.

I'm unregenerat, and I think't a shame,  
Whereof my unregenerat nature may think shame;  
Abolish [un] O Lord, and then I'll be  
Regenerat, as circumcis'd was he.

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### 8. Abraham entertains three Angels.

Blest is the tent that doeth entertaine  
Three Angels walking in the shape of men,  
*Abraham* arose, rose quickly off his seat,  
Prostrats himself, even at the Angels feet.  
Great was thy love which made them eat his bread  
Surely, their heavenly natures had no need  
Of earthly sustentation, for we see  
Scarce in thy word the like of this to be.  
Great *Samson*'s father offered a kid  
To th' Heaven-sent Angel, ate he then, or did  
He taste the food that *Manoah* did make?  
No: he refusde, and *Manoah* did forsake  
And to the Heaven, in's sacrifices bane,  
For confirmation he did act the same.  
There sure this *Abraham* enjoy'd  
To make such heavenly Saints an end,  
The Lawing it was richly payed, when  
He was promis'd, ere they came again.

## Poeticall Applications.

Sarah did laugh, but yet she found it true,  
What the three Angels heretofore did shew.  
Her womb was barren, therefore could scarce be done  
With Nature: though the Lord could bring a Son.

Lord, I am not so old, but may conceive in me  
Thy blessed Son, my Saviour to be.  
Blest is the soul, wherein remains these three,  
A lively Faith, true Hope, and Charitie.

---

### 9. Abrahams Faith tried.

**A**rise, Abraham, for this must be done,  
Go to Moriah, sacrifice thy son.  
Abraham hath Faith, arises, staggers not,  
At Gods fore-promise inquires not a jot.  
Abraham said nought, but quickly did arise  
To obey the Lord, his son to sacrifice,  
He ne're objects against the mighty Lord,  
Knowing he would fulfill his former word,  
*In Isaac shall thy seed be blest*, but he,  
I'm sure, expect another son to be:  
So he, relying on Gods promise, went  
For to fulfill the Lords commandement:  
Leaving his servants, and his asse before,  
He, and his son, went forward to adore:  
It must be secret, and he strives to shun  
Their company, to sacrifice his sonne.  
Well, they approach the place with wood and fire,  
*Now he misses* ( therefore did inquire )

The Lamb to offer, Abraham reply'd,  
Isaac my son, the Lord He will provide.  
So built the Altar, and uncas'd his knife,  
Bound Isaac fast, ready to take his life.  
The Voice prevents the stroak, the Voice doth cry;  
*Touch not the childe, thy Faith hath made him free.*

How pitifull the Lord's, how good is God !  
Who loves the willing heart, takes't as the deed.

Ravish my heart unto some mountain hie,  
And let my bosome-sinnes be kill'd by me,  
Stope not my hands to strike, but help me rather,  
Lest this my sin o'recome my heart, its father.  
Give it but courage, let it act the part  
Of a commander, by a Warriours art;  
Subdue my sinnes, and set the father free,  
Who can gainstand me, if I know of thee?  
Then, Lord, I'le not absent till't be reply'd  
To me a sinuer, Son, I will provide.

---

10. *Abraham sends his Servant Eliezer for Isaac's Wife out of Mesopotamia.*

The Servant's sworn, therefore he must obey,  
He loads his Camels, and he rides his way;  
And from his Master Abraham arose,  
Straightway to Charan Eliezer goes,  
And there he made the Camels rest them down  
By th' well of water, plac'd wthome the Town.  
Well, what was his intent ? Why went he there ?

## Poeticall Applications.

To seek a Wife for Isaac out of Seir.

Was there no Canaanitish Maids for him ?

Was there no Maids out of Naharaim ?

No, there was none for Isaac, he must have  
Others to match him than a *Dagons* slave :

Hee'll to his Fathers house, and there hee'll get  
One of his own Religion to be fit.

Then Eliezer standing by the Well,  
Prayes unto God, and thinketh with himself  
To seek a sign of God ; which was no mater  
To know his errand by the gift of water.

He prayes to God in heart, and found it so,  
The sign was reall which God made them know,

No sooner he had implor'd within himself,

Then blest Rebekah she approacht the Well,  
Rebekah acted all that he did crave ;

Now is his wish fulfill'd, her must he have,

Its fore-ordin'd, and it is Gods decree,

Its this Rebekah Isaacs wife must be.

This was a servent thought obtain'd a blisse,  
Its ardent zeal and faith procures a wish :

The Lord will have the heart, else hee'll have nought,  
If from the heart hee'll give what ere is sought ;

A double heart the Lord loves not at all,

Who doeth this, serves not the Lord, but Baal.

Then boasts the Servant that his fortune's good ;

No Eliezer had more Gratitude

Within him : For no sooner gets his prayer,

And saw his Masters God was no denyer

Of servent sues, full of fidelity,

Then

## Poetical Applications.

Then doth he blesse the Lord, and glorify  
The gracious God of's Master *Abrabam*,  
Who gave to him for which this Servant came;

This Servants care and diligence should be  
A mark to servants in posteritie ;  
So carefull for to thank the Lord, so free  
Of gifts : For bracelets to the Maid gave he,  
A golden Ear-ring or abillement ,  
Nor eat, nor drink, till he had got consent :  
His Message shew'd to *Laban*, and his prayer,  
Beseeching them to grant him his desire.  
There's nought to do, *Rebekab* must be gone,  
Because they knew that God the thing had done.  
*With her consent*, upon the morrow after,  
Her Kins-folk blest her, and with him they left her,

What shall I do, heavens mighty Lord ? for I  
Heavens baddest servant, yet constrain'd to flee  
To thee my Master Jesus Christ, altho  
I broke my Souls Indenture long ago.

O ! if thy heavenly Sp'it could take mans way,  
For every broken hout to serve a day ;  
Then with the used dayes it might sure be,  
I'd hate all evil, and serve thee.  
But if Thy heavenly Name  
To this imperfect prayer  
This to be acted on this Earth,  
O ! then admit the Prayer of  
A nature to submit let me be,  
To say, *Thy will be all'd on Earth*,  
Yet, Lord, thou must not go till the

Be fram'd aright, and taste thy Heavenly Water;  
So shall my sin be quencht, and mortall strife  
Shall passe, by drinking of the Well of Life.  
But oh, alace ! I have nought to propine ;  
Yes, Lord, a soul, then take't and make it thine ;  
But let it differ from Rebekahs so,  
Yes, on thy arms ; but in thy bosome too.

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II. *Esa*u slighteth his birth-right.

**U**nhappy *Esa*u, was thy appetite  
So raging, and so lusting after meat ?  
That for a measle of Pottage, suopt thy Yeild  
Or Birth-right ? *Esa*u, why did not the Field  
Afford thee Ven'son ? why did not thy bow  
More diligence upon thy prey bestow ?  
There's many now receives such like as he,  
Who give themselves to too much libertie.

We wander in earths field, and ere we come,  
Some *Jacobs* for us hath suppli'd the roome.  
But *Esaus* appetite cannot forbear,  
He slighteth his Birth-right ; *Jacob* makes him swear.  
*Esa*u is faint, yea, he is almost dead,  
He values not the Birth-right now, but food.

The want of earthly things oft makes us sell  
A sp'ituall gift, to gain a pleasant hell.

Lord, I have wandred worse, ( if worse may be )  
Into the field of triffling Vanitie,  
And ( *Esa*-like ) had offers to be blest,

Poeticall Applications.

And by my hunting vanities, have mist.  
And though there's many by Thee blest since I,  
Yet Lord give grace, and I will weep and cry.  
Incline into my cries, although too late,  
I know thy blessings ne're decrease a whit.  
Lord, give me grace, for this shall be my wishing,  
That thou wilt hear me, and bestow a blessing.

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12. *Jacob and Esau.*

**H**ee's lost his Birth-right, and his blessing too,  
*Esau* is wroth, despairing what to do,  
Thinking his losses to make up again,  
He thus contrives, *His brother must be slain.*  
There's many of this nature, or ther's some  
Who acteth evill things that good may come.  
*Ill done, my freind, God knowes thy Sophistry,*  
Thou thinks it good, yet but apparently.  
*The Image of fine mettall, decked must*  
*Above the waste, but see, the feet is dust.*  
Its ill contrived *Esau*, to begin  
To mend thy losses with a new found sin,  
*Jacob* hath got the bleste, by thy delay,  
*Jacob* is blest, conduct'd another way.  
Thy enterprise is vain, and thou had' been  
Bewail'd thy former sin, then act'd the  
*Jacob's* conduct'd by God, but show me  
To Padan-aram, to Rebekas brother.  
*Morpheus* approached, and the darksome

## Poeticall Applications.

Began to bid a *Vale* to the night.

So *Jacob* in his journey stayed † there,      † In a place  
Untill *Aurora* pleased to appear.      near Luz.

The Clouds his Curtains, and his Pillow stone,  
The Grasse the sheets, that *Jacob* rested on.  
He ne're complains as many Worldlings would,  
That's bed was hard, or yet his bed was cold,  
No, he sleeps soft, thinks'c as sufficient  
To rest him there, as in his fathers Tent.

O ! who would not this bed as sweet esteem'd,  
If they'd seen the Vision, holy *Jacob* dream'd,  
Me thinks I see the Angels of the Lord  
Descending, and ascending, by his Word,  
To holy *Jacob*, whom heaven did bequeath,  
A shining Ladder, and the first step Faith.

Lord, elevate my heart, poure down in me  
The grace t'attain the Ladders first degree:  
Then step by step, my Soul it shall ascend  
To heaven its top, where may my labours end.  
Then *Jacob* he awoke, being in th'extream  
Of doubting thoughts : thus for his holy dream,  
*Jacob* arose with holy fear, and found  
The place whereon he stood was holy ground,  
And in the place of 's sleep erect'd a Stone  
Unto the Lord : and poured Oyl thereon.  
He vow'd a Vow and past the *Statue* fro,  
And unto *Padan-aram* did he go.

Lord if this wicked World do me reject,  
Yet will I still confide in thy respects;  
If it begin to vex my soul in spleene,

Only to Thee who made me I'le complain.  
And if I chance to make a Vow to thee,  
Confirm it, Lord, and strengthen't more in me,  
To thy Glore : if not, O heavenly God,  
ardon that Vow, which I have rashly made.

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13. *Laban, Jacobs Uncle.*

A N Uncle, and unjustly to proceed  
Pardon me, *Laban*, for I think't a deed  
Not too too naturall for *Laban* to have done,  
And unto *Jacob* too, his Sisters son :  
Sure *Jacobs* seven years pains ow'd more dutie  
Then to restrain him from thy *Rachel's* beautie.  
But O I Alace, we're oft conceited thus,  
Whom good we ow, they purchase ill of us,  
*Labans* deceit was cover'd till the day,  
But how amaz'd was *Jacob*, when he lay  
With soft-ey'd *Leah* : *Jacob* had not sought her,  
Nor *Rachel* should been there, his younger daughter.  
Her should he had, for she's the seven yeares hire,  
As *Labans* younger *Jacob* did desire.  
*Labans* apologie's but a slight excuse,  
Because ( sayes *Laban* ) it's the countreys us  
If *Jacobs* service had not been too good,  
*Labans* pretend'd excuse had not been made.  
On *Jacobs* presence, *Labans* wealth depended,  
He therefore deale not just; mark how they ended,  
*Jacob* he scorns to quite his long'd-for Bride.

## Poeticall Applications.

Therefore for *Rachel*, as many yeares he'll bide.  
The Lord commands, and *Jacob* must begone  
Into the countrey of *Abrahams* sonne;  
So *Laban* at's departure saw'c to be,  
*Jacob* in wealth was stronger far then he.

Thus God makes all to know, that where his care  
Wills to protect, no mortall needeth fear.  
Though man deceive, and change thy wages oft,  
Yet shall he make thy pricking couch more soft.  
What e're way *Laban* promis'd, *Jacobs* hire  
It was conform still unto his desire:  
If spotted, then they were so at his call,  
If diverse hew, they're party-colour'd all.  
What ever way a *Laban* takes to crosse thee,  
God makes that way to be a mean to blesse thee.  
Lord, give me *Jacobs* patience, and his faith,  
And I'll endure what e're a *Laban* saith.

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### 14. *Jacob* encounters with *Esaie*.

**J**acob's affraied, and he knowes no other  
Way to appease the ire of his brother,  
Then to present him with some gifts; for then  
He knew the World was lov'd by worldly men.  
But it was not the gift, neither the Giver,  
That *Esaies* wrothfull countenance did sever  
From *Jacobs* blood: 'twas the Almighty who  
Wrestled with *Jacob*, and ordain'd it so,  
*Labans* pursuit his Uncle's newly past,

### Poeticall Applications.

God sav'd him here, but yet the worse is farr.  
But all in vain, for he whom God defends,  
Can scarce be frightened with the wickeds ends;  
He who just now could aeft Jacob ill,  
Is now conformed unto Jacobs will,  
And Esau, who 'gainst Jacob hatred keeps,  
Embraceth Jacob, and with Jacob weeps.

Who would not serve this God, who maketh those  
Become our freinds, who formerly were foes.

The Devil, the World, corruption, and mine heart,  
Against my soul, each takes another's part;  
And they are fast conjoyn'd, the Enemie  
That 'gainst my Soul proclaimeth war to be;  
Lord, I'le not seek to make them love me, but  
Their bitter spleen let from my Soul be pur,  
O gracious God, do this, that there may be  
No let, betwixt thy countenance and me.  
Disjoine my soul from guiltiness and sinne,  
And let them, Lord, abhore to dwell therein,  
Let me ( with Jacob ) wrestle till I may  
Receive a Blessing, where the Sin it lay.

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### 15. Josephs Brethren felidam.

What wicked plot? what desperate design?  
Nor grounded upon Natures Law, nor thine,  
O gracious God: some seeks to kill the Childe,  
Some not, and some would murther in the night,  
The wanding boy: some thinks it rather fit

To trip him nak'd, and cast him in a pit.  
So with the last they rest, their thoughts combines,  
Thus to inclose him, and his sleepy signs,  
And so alive, unjustly they interre him;  
They think to crosse him, yet by this preferre him.  
The Ishmaelites by God's conducted hither,  
They un-pit Joseph, and they sell their Brother.

How savage were their actings? how extream  
In heat were they who sold him for a Dream?  
What shall I say? our Saviour but excell'd  
Joseph ten pieces, when he thus was sell'd.  
Was this your dutie, or Paternall fear,  
That ye unto your Father ought to bear?  
Was this your love to Jacob? was't your part  
To sell your Brother? break your Fathers heart?  
Ne're at your hearts inquiring, if it was  
Lawfull to let him thus in slavery passe?  
No, they fear nougnt at all, their haterd must  
Break on the Dreamer, whether ill or just.  
They act the deed, but thus their wits were shallow,  
Ne're seeking after what the act might follow.

Even like the world, for we ne're once or never  
Look to the *Sequel* of the act, but ever  
Covet the pleasure of the ill, and when  
The pleasure's past, we crawl beneath the pain.  
The ill remains, look to the fading pleasure,  
How's leaves us mock'd in an empie measure.

Yet a'l their grief is how to palliate  
Their wickednesse to Jacob, and its that  
They now inquire after: how to be

## Poeticall Applications.

Brought from the open guilt of villanie.  
Well, *Josephs* speckled coat must now be good,  
To cheat their ancient Father, dipt in blood ;  
Being contriv'd, the colour'd coat was brought  
To *Jacob*, and this inquirie was fought,  
Whether the coat was *Josephs*, yea, or no ?  
Although the truth the Brethren did know,  
What shall I say ? the coat was known, and he  
Who ought the son, and coat, was like to be  
Devour'd with grief, before his childrens faces,  
Crying aloud, *My Joseph's rent in pieces*.  
In which time *Joseph* he was sold and gone,  
To be preferr'd next unto *Egypt's* throne.

Thou foolish World, do with me what thou will,  
Pit me, or sell me, yet I'll ever still  
Call on the Lord, and He'll make up my losses;  
So thus I'll blesse him, and deride thy crosses.

---

## 16. Of *Josephs* Triall.

*S*ince *Joseph* gone, and sold in slaverie so,  
Unto a place which *Jacob* did not know ;  
Is this Gods care of *Jacobs* Seed, that he  
Hideth his face when they're in miserie ?  
Yes; God hath much care, and it truely seemes  
God thus direct'd him to fulfill his Dreams.

The man who would be Gods, must make him fit  
To taste the sowre, as well as reap the sweet,  
In *Josephs* crosses and in *Josephs* care,  
God is with *Joseph*, *Joseph* needs not fear.

Poetical Applications.

The Captain of the guard and *Joseph's* one,  
And are conjoyn'd in Love and union.  
For *Joseph's* cause, *Joseph's* God did blesse  
The Captains house, 'twas *Joseph's* God did this.  
He found such favour under *Potiphar*,  
That he below'd the totall charge and care  
Of's house to *Joseph*; *Potiphar* did take  
None: for the Lord blest him for *Joseph's* sake.

But yet observe, *Joseph's* prosperitie  
Was mingled with gloomie miserie:  
The Lord Almightie often doeth measure  
His people thus, to draw their hearts from pleasure,  
And terrene joy; to elevate their Sp'rit,  
Above the Circles of an Hypocrite:  
Or God doth send such miserie, to try  
Whether their Faith be constant, <sup>ou or rat.</sup>

*Joseph* is now tempt with a lecherous dame,  
Urging fair *Joseph* to villanie and shame;  
And when she saw her Lustfull Wish could not  
Prevail with *Joseph*, then she caughte his coat:  
It's *Joseph's* ruine that she now aspires  
At.

Thus being frustrat of her vain desires,  
Just now she loves him, hopes to enjoy some pleasure;  
But now deny'd, she hates with greater measure:  
And that same vice which she did labour in,  
She layes on *Joseph*, and she doth begin  
With base deceit, and wicked impudence,  
To palliate her own incontinence:  
She accuses *Joseph* of aduertery  
Both therefore he must in prison lye. Falsly

## Poeticall Applications.

Falsly accus'd, yet thinketh nought of this,  
For God with *Joseph* in the Prison is.

God shew'd his mercy unto *Joseph* there,  
As well as in the house of *Potiphar*.

The strongest Prison-doors that *Pharaoh* had,  
Could not exclude the love of *Jacobs* God.

God is a mighty God, and maketh those  
For to befriend us, who would be our foes.  
He hateth unto love, and war to peace,  
Makes crossings easings, and afflictions cease.

God's great and powerfull, *All in All* ; in this  
We're non-plust, only, *HE IS WHAT HE IS*.  
O gracious God, assure me that thou will  
Be present with me, and I'le fear no ill ;  
In showers, nor Sun-shine, nor in war nor peace,  
I'le never fear, give me but *Josephs* grace.

---

## 17. *Josephs* Preferment.

**P**haraoh has dream'd, he's vext, for none can show  
The meaning of his Vision, neither know  
His Sorcerers what *Pharaohs* Dreams import,  
Till the true Prophet *Joseph* there resort.

Gods Riddles are too bie for humane wit  
For to un-lock, his Servants must do it;  
Its they must serve him, and obey him still.  
True Ones are scarce, when false expound his will,  
Well, *Joseph*'s sent for, and before the King  
Expounds the Vision, and declares the thing.

## Poeticall Applications.

The Hand of God's to come, and Famine must  
 Fall on the Land before eight yeares be past.  
 Seven plenteous Crops must come, and there must be  
 One for to gather Stuff, that must supplie  
 The land of Egypt, ere the time should come  
 Wherein the Lord produc'd Earths barren womb.

This is the Prophet of the Lord, for he  
 Shows both the future ill and remedie :  
 The Dream's expounded, and ther's none so fit  
 As *Josephs* self, next to the King should sit.  
 Strange wonders here, a Prisoner set free,  
 Not only so, but cloath'd with dignitie.  
 Just now the Stocks and Irons are his cloathing,  
 He bears a golden Signet now, his chariot's froathing;  
 Joseph is next the King, Joseph cannot be harm'd,  
 At Josephs call all Egypt must be arm'd.  
 This was the Kings command, but was't his power ?  
 No, it was Josephs God that was the doer.

---

18. *Josephs* Brethren buy Corn of him  
 and they know him not.

**T**He Famine's sore in *Jacobs* house, and he  
 Must send to Egypt, there to get supplie ;  
 Well, they approach to Joseph, Joseph tries  
 His Brethren, and austerely calls them Spies.  
 (With reverence and fear, they do produce  
 Their words, in every speech, *My Lord* they use ;  
 I say, with reverent speeches they decor  
 His Lordship, as himself had dream'd before.)

## Poeticall Applications.

Not so my Lord, for we thy servants all  
Are hither come, to buy some Victuall,  
But *Joseph* knew his Brethren, and it seems  
He thus dissembled to fulfill his Dreams:  
Yet still pretending not to know, he sayes  
( And swears by *Pharaohs* life ) the men are Spies;  
Except their younger Brother come, by whom  
*Joseph* may know they have a house at home,  
And Families, for to provide with store,  
Then haste and send, chuse who shall be the doer;  
And he shall be incastrate till your brother  
Shall here approach, by conduct of the other.  
And if he come, then will I see it true  
That ye're no Spies, nor is no guile in you;  
But *Joseph* feared God, therefore he took  
Another course; and as the men did look  
Upon, he girded *Simeon* their brother,  
Untill the rest went home to fetch the other;  
Affliction straits them now, and they begin  
Each one to murmur for their ancient sin:  
One sayes, that we have sinned, and another  
Objects, he warn'd them not to hurt their brother;  
*Sin not against the childe, did I not say?*  
For which we're bound now, and are said to spie.

A lamed Conscience in prosperitie  
Is scarce perceiv'd, till gloomy miserie  
Approach their borders; then they do begin  
To weep too late, and to repent their sin.  
The deed is acted, and the heighth of passion  
From them is past, now by affliction

Poetical Applications.

The Captain of the guard and *Joseph's* one,  
And are conjoyn'd in Love and union.

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The Captains house, 'twas *Joseph's* God did this,  
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But now deny'd, she hates with greater measure:  
And that same vice which she did labour in,  
She lays on *Joseph*, and she doth begin  
With base deceit, and wicked impudence,  
To palliate her own incontinence:  
She accuses *Joseph* of adultry  
*Sooth*! therefore he must in prison ly. Falsly

## Poeticall Applications.

When protect thy Church, and let Her be  
In hury Zeal practising Pietie.  
Hasten thy Kingdom, Jesus Christ, and let  
The powerfulness of *Satans* be abate.  
Enrich the KING with wisdom, let him reign,  
Give him the successe of a pious King.  
Let all who hate him flee before his face,  
And let his Tens drag Thousands in the chase.  
Blesse thou our Nobles, Gentry, every thing  
That knowes thy Name, blesse thou our gracious  
KING.

F I N I S.

Their conscience grieves them, and it doeth bid  
The Brethren repent the wrong they did.  
Behold the gain of wickednesse; for when  
The pleasure's past, the evil doth remain:  
And yet though *Joseph* did pretend to be  
Too rigorous, and full of cruelty,  
Yet brotherly affection he retain'd  
Within him, and his love to them remain'd.  
Their Sacks he fill'd with Wheat and Victuall,  
Their money is restor'd again to all.

How many hid conspiracies had they,  
*Joseph* approaching *Dathan* in the way?  
The Instruments were ill, the end was good;  
*Joseph* was sold, for to provide them food  
In time of Famine, though the men each one  
Did act it, not with right intention.

But how are they repay'd? in the same measure?  
No; *Joseph* had of grace a greater treasure,  
And gratitude: although his ancient *Coat*  
Was party-colour'd, yet his *Mind* was not.  
He fills their Sacks with Wheat, for to supplie  
The empie *Garners* of their Familie.

Had *Joseph* not been sold in slaverie, then  
With want of Food his Brethren had been slain.  
Had not Christ di'd, then surely we had all  
Perish'd, into the furye of his gall;  
The famine of His mercie sure had made  
Us to be starv'd for lack of heavenly Food.  
I fear no famine, Lord, except there be  
A famine of thy Word and Ministry.

## Poeticall Applications.

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In holy Zeal practising Pietie.  
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# F I N I S.



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Their money is restor'd again to all.

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## F I N I S.



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THE  
CHRISTIANS  
EXAMPLE:  
OR,  
JOB'S ADVERSITY.

---

By *ARTHUR NASMYTH.*

---

Behold we count them happy which endure.  
Ye have heard the patience of Job, and have  
seen the end of the Lord, *James 5. 11.*

---

*Vincenti dabitur.*

*DEUS* est Moderator Certantium,  
& Corona Vincipium.  
Te in vulnerum *CHRISTI* foramina  
absconde, & tutus à temptationibus  
Diaboli eris.

---

EDINBURGH, Printed Anno, 1665.

Y T T R A R V C

## An ACROSTICK on JO Bb.

J ust in thy wealth, and patient in thy pain,  
O ! show the man could do the same again :  
B ack him with one, as patient as he,  
being reduced to such miserie.

Job

( 27 )

T H E

CHRISTIANS EXAMPL.E.

O R,  
JOB'S ADVERSITIE.



How unconstant is this worldly Globe !  
How different am I from holy Job ?  
His sad affliction overflowes his sin,  
His equity exceeds his worldly pain ;  
His grief's intolerable, and he knows

not why ;

His soul's tormented, and he longs to die :

The Sabeans they usurp his asses eating,

His children are destroyed at their meeting,

His sheep is burnt, his servants they are slain,

The curst Caldeans have his camel's case,

The Eastern glory, and the Orients fame,

Is laid in dust ; His friends abhore his name,

Yet all these crosses they will not suffice

To make just Job begin to calumnize

God, or blaspheme His holy Name, but he

Must have a Wife to bid him, Crys and dir,

The Devil torments him, he inflames him

With ulcerous scabs ; to make him curse and sin,

What's Job's behaviour herein ? How doth he

Condole his state, and dolefull miserie ?

Nake

### The Christians Example

Naked to the world just Job he came, and so  
Unto the earth just Job must naked go.  
Thus he breaks out in speech, and doth proclaim,  
God gives and takes, bleſſt be HIS HOLY NAME.  
Yet all's not finiſh, Eliphaz he muſt  
Accuse Job faſhie, groveling on the duff.  
Job's fear is faſle, therefore ſlide muſt his feet,  
They ſay just Job is now an hypocrite.  
Not being guilty, this adds to his wo,  
They charge him with'these which he doth not know.  
Their ſpeech torments him, he cries pitioiſlie,  
My ſores they vex me; and I long to die:  
My flesh is cloath'd with wormes, my ſkin is rent;  
My ſores are grievous, O that my dayes were ſpentiſh.  
My life's but wind, remember, and mine eye  
No former pleasure ſhall behold or ſee.

Thus Job he ſpeaketh, overcome with grief,  
His Torments drowns him, he finds no relief.  
He's overwhelm'd, and swallowed up with pain,  
Breaks out in speech, and thus bemoans again;  
What needs thou ſpend thy furious blaſts on me?  
Why doth my pain increase ſo vehementlie?  
What needs thou poure the vials of thy wrath  
On me, a wretch, who longs, expecting death?  
All day I groan, and wearie am with tears,  
And when I think to rest at even, with fears  
Of Dreams, and ſleepie viſions am affrai'd,  
Therefore I'le die, and will not be diſmaſh'd.  
And ſince my terrene life's but frail, and ſhort,  
Death can do nothing, but bring me ſupport.

Or, Job's Adverſarie.

Since hath he well bewail'd his ſtate, when he  
gets from the ( Shuhite Bildad ) a reply.

Bildad the Shuhite to Job.

How long ſhall I thus Job diſtempered find,  
Cutting his words, like to a mighty wind ?  
These thy Children have iniquitie  
committed, let them thy example be ;  
Lgh for thy ſin, be thou but penitent,  
And God shall thee forgive incontinent :  
Though ſores torment and vex thee for a while,  
Yet ſhall be turn, and make thy ſighs to ſmile.

He whose remembrance doth deny a God,  
His Hope ſhall paſſe without a firm abode ;  
His truſt ſhall be extirp't, his Faith's but ebbes,  
His Hope ſhall periſh, like a ſpider's web.  
If thou be God-ward, if thy froward will  
Abhore thy ſoul ; or if thou please no ill,  
Then will thy God make thee for to rejoice,  
Because thy will ſubmits unto his voice.  
Then ſhall the Lord thy painfull ſores depreſſe,  
If not, he'll make thy troublies to increaſe.

Job's anſwer to Bildad.

Then Job replyes, confesseſt God to be  
Moſt great in power, and full of equitie,

( By Gods Omnipotence, he sheweth forth  
 What is mans fraitle, and his brittle worth.)  
 In whose heart dwelleth Wisdom, rich in strength :  
 Whose foe can never prosper; but at length  
 He beats them down-ward, and the mountains does  
 Ov'r-turn at pleasure, by his angry blowes.  
 He makes Earths pillars tremble, and he tyes  
 The Sun, by his command it must not rise.  
 He sealeth up the Stars, its he alone that spreadeth  
 The Heavens, and on the Oceans surges treadeth.  
 So Job proceedeth, labouring to discrie  
 The power of God, and his perplextie.

---

Zophar the Naamathite, to Job.

The Na'mathite Zophar, he to Job replies,  
 A talker to be just, he quite denies :  
 He reprehends Job fasslie, and he sayes,  
 Job speaks unjustly, and he utters lies.  
 Job thinks himself so just, that he denies  
 To be ov'reome with man, and so he cryes,  
 My Doctrine's pure, I'm clean into Gods eyes;  
 But thy friend, Zophar, understands thy lies.  
 O! then that God would speak, & open's mouth 'gainst  
 For he hath exact'd less then thine iniquitie      (thee  
 Deserved.

Canst thou, by vain scrutation, find out  
 The hie perfection of the Lord, about  
 Whose loins is girded strength, pow'r in his hand ?  
 What humane wisdom can his will gainstand ?

Or, Job's Adversarie.

Man knowes scarce what he ought, he comes behind  
Of very Humane wit, so cannot find  
The wisdom of the Lord ; nor can he know  
The heighth of Heaven, the breadth of Earth, and so  
Since they do stick in humane wit, how can  
The heighth and breadth of God be found by man ?  
If in thy breast be found iniquitie,  
Reject it then, let goodnesse dwell in thee :  
If thou turn Heav'n-ward, thou shalt successe have  
To all thy souls necessities can crave.  
Then shalt thou lift thy face, and stedfast be,  
And prosper : then reject iniquitie.  
But wicked men, shall not escape at all,  
But as a blast of breath, they perish shall.

---

Job to the Naamathite.

**B**Egreas'd with grief, poor Job role up and said,  
Ye vex my soul, with a vain-glorious aid ;  
Ye speak with words, but do not feel my pain,  
Freinds, where's your comfort ? what's your verbal-  
Ye speak without experience, ye feel (gain ?  
Not what your tongue does bitterlie exhale :  
Ye think your selves too wise, above my brain,  
Ye do deride me, when I long in pain ;  
Ye do despise me in adversarie,  
Ye do rejoice when me in pain ye see ;  
I'm mocked of my neighbours, and they say  
There's none that fears God but such men as they.

Go

*The Christians Example.*

God doth fulfill their frail, and vago desire,  
So they obtain all that their hearts require.  
Their thoughts are barren, they know nought but this;  
Speak heavenly, and they know not what it is.  
They think that none obtains Gods favour, and  
None doth their earthly, errors understand  
But they themselves;

Ask but the Creatures, and they will declare  
How apt these people to provoke God are.  
Ask but the Creatures, they will shew thee then  
That God hath wrought this, and the king hath done.  
Can they with God compare in depth of wit?  
If he break down, can they then fasten it?  
When he commands the waters for to stay,  
There do they stand, and go no other way.  
Strength in him dwells, and wisdom in his heart;  
His Ordinance hath power in every part.  
The counsell of the Wise he can destroy,  
And can bereave them of their health or joy.  
No wonder this, he can do greater things,  
Seducting Princes, and subduing Kings:  
Their greatest pow'r and might he doth ov'rthow,  
Consumes their wilest counsell by his blow.  
This have I seen, and heard, and understood,  
That God is glorious, mercifull and good.  
My wisdom's not inferiour to your wit,  
Not my experience subject unto it.  
Therefore I'll speak to th' Lord of his abode,  
And utter my affection unto God.  
Your greatest care's to forge invective lies,

Or, Job's Adversary.

Yet ne're apply the Cure to the Disease.

O ye my friends, if ye could hold your peace;

That ye might be esteemed to be wise:

For Gods defence will ye speak wickedly;

Or for his cause will ye deceitfull be?

Then hold your peace, and let me speak alone,

Without a cause do I my self bemoan?

If I defend not my own cause, sure then

I'll be condemn'd, and wrong'd of every man.

With-hold these things, O God, and then I shall

Give answer to thee when thou please to call.

Withdraw thine hand, and free me from these sores,

Let not this fear, which nightly me devours,

Oppresse me more; O then I'll to thee say,

Speak to me, Lord, and sure I will reply:

Or let thine ear incline to me, and bow,

Then will I speak, ( great God ) and answer thou,

Then *Job* was tortur'd and his paines invited

Him to bemoan: and being thus incited,

With God he reason'd, saying, What's my sin?

Show me these errours that are truely mine,

Why dost thou hide thy countenance, when I

Do seek relief? Am I thine Enemy?

Sure man that's born of woman, is but few

Of dayes, and passeth as the morning dew;

He cometh forth, resembling much the Flower,

Glowes up in Spring, fades with other shower.

Then being so frail, why doth thy glorious Feature

Open thine eyes on such a passing Creature?

Thus *Job* proceeds in speech, and doth declare,

By sin, how creatures they subjected are,  
Into corruption.

---

*Eliphaz the Temanite to Job.*

**T**hen *Eliphaz* to *Job* did answer make  
Showing, wise men no vanity should speak,  
Nor with unpleasant words should they dispute;  
All which to *Job* he falsly doth impute:  
Saying, all fear thou *Job* rejected hast,  
Retaining sin, where Prayer should be plac't :  
Thou speaks as those who loveth to contemn  
God ; for your speech it doth it self condemn.  
Therefore men may perceive it is not I  
Who speak 'gainst thee, thy mouth doth testify.  
What can thy wisdom comprehend ; but we  
Thy neigbouring freinds, can know as well as thee?  
No wonder we thy torments do deride,  
Thou art so ungratefull, thy pernicious pride  
El'vats it self above the starry Sky,  
That thou rejects Gods comfort, and deny  
For to succumb, when we thee counsell give :  
Thou speakest to God without his holy leave ;  
Thou speakest with spight excessive in all measure,  
And answers God in spirit, at thy pleasure.  
Thus having said, he doth descry the ill  
Befalls a man of a depraved will :  
Esteeming *Job* one of those men to be,  
And so fysibell his curse he'll let him see.

Or, Job's Adverſitie.

Job's answer to Eliphaz.

Then answer'd Job, in midſt of ſad vexation,  
Will ye ne're end these words in ostentation  
Produc'd by you? who doth esteem't but ſmall  
Not to comfort me, miserable are ye all.  
The terrors of God are ſo ſad on me,  
That though I ſpeak, yet they'll not ſwaged be:  
Nor will my silence make my pain to ceafe;  
To hold my tongue, will give me no release,  
By reaſon of my bitter tears and cryes,  
My face is dry'd, death's portray'd on mine eyest  
My knowledge cannot be ſufficient,  
To comprehend the cauſe of punishment,  
And though in me be no iniquity,  
And though my Pray'r without hypocriſie  
Be pure, unfeigned, yet thou doſt iſt:  
Croſſes on me, thine arrows in me ſtick.  
If I be ſuch as ye accuſe me, then  
Let me no favour or no love obtain.  
And though I be condemn'd and judg'd by man,  
Yet God's my Witneſſe, my Record's in heaven:  
Your words are choiſ'd, but void of comfort are:  
Even ſo could I, if in your ſtead I were.  
Therefore his eyes breaks out to God in tears,  
Being tormented with his daily fears:  
Breaks out in paſſion indeliberately,  
And ſpeaks to God as though his Maieſty,  
Should be more tender, 'cauſe mans time's fo ſhort,  
And ſo Job wiſher'd in this very ſort.

## The Chrysostom Example

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All which to Job he fally doth impute:  
Saying, all fear thou Job rejected hast,  
Retaining sin, where Prayer should be plac't :  
Thou speakes as those who loveth to contemn  
God ; for your speech it doth it self condemn.  
Therefore men may perceive it is not I  
Who speak 'gainst thee, thy mouth doth testify.  
What can thy wisdom comprehend ; but we  
Thy neighbouring freinds, can know as well as thee?  
No wonder we thy torments do deride,  
Thou art so ungratefull, thy pernicious pride  
El'vates it self above the starry Sky,  
That thou rejects Gods comfort, and deny  
For to succumb, when we thee counsell give :  
Thou speakes to God without his holy leave ;  
Thou speakes with spight excessive in all measure,  
And answers God in spirit, at thy pleasure.  
Thus having said, he doth descry the ill  
Befalls a man of a depraved will :  
Esteeming Job one of those men to be,  
And so fayteth ! his curse he'll let him see.

Or, Job's Adverſitie.

Job's answer to Eliphaz.

Then answer'd Job, in midſt of ſad vexation,  
Will ye ne're end these words in ostentation  
Produc'd by you? who doth esteem'c but ſmall  
Not to comfort me, miserable are ye all.  
The terrors of God are ſo ſad on me,  
That though I ſpeak, yet they'll not ſwaged be:  
Nor will my silence make my pain to ceafe;  
To hold my tongue, will give me no release,  
By reaſon of my bitter tears and cryes,  
My face is dry'd, death's portray'd on mine eyest  
My knowledge cannot be ſufficient,  
To comprehend the cauſe of punishment,  
And though in me be no iniquity,  
And though my Pray'r without hypocriſie  
Be pure, unfeigned, yet thou doſt inſtit  
Crosses on me, thine arrows in me ſtick.  
If I be ſuch as ye accuſe me, then  
Let me no favour or no love obtain.  
And though I be condemn'd and judg'd by man,  
Yet God's my Witneſſe, my Record in heaſetis  
Your words are choiſ'd, but void of comfort are,  
Even ſo could I, if in your ſtead I were.  
Therefore his eyes breaks out to God in tears,  
Being tormented with his daily fears;  
Breaks out in paſſion indeliberaſly,  
And ſpeaks to God as though his Maieſty,  
Should be more tender, 'cauſe mans time's fo ſhort,  
And ſo Job wiſher'd in this very ſort.

### *The Christians Example,*

Or that a man might plead with God, as he  
With his next neighbour can familiar be :  
For now at Deaths door I in torment ly,  
And my friends vex me, speaking bitterly.  
My dayes are past, corrupted is my breath,  
The grave is ready, and I look for death ;  
And though my fancie should expect to be  
Released from my grief, obtain prosperitie ;  
Yet shall my soul my body frail unlace,  
And *Earth* in earth shall be my dwelling place :  
And my dialogue with corruption,  
( Because the hope of Parentage is gone )  
Be thou my Father, worms be thou my mother,  
Be ye my sister, for I have no other.

---

### *The Shuhite Bildad to Job.*

**T**hen said the Shuhite, *Job*, when will ye make  
A period to your speech ? then will we speak,  
Sharpen our wit, and we will understand,  
And we shall answer when thou shalt command,  
Why does thou think us like the *Animal*  
Of *Brutish-nature*, beasts irrational ?  
Thou teares thy soul, as one whose wits incline  
To be made Ship-wreck, when they do begin  
To rage in passion, art thou such a Creature  
For whom the Lord should change his way of nature ?  
God will extinguish surely all the light,  
And glory of the wicked in his sight.

## Or, *Job's Adversity.*

Hee'l not permit them for to stand but fall,  
Hee'l quench their sparks in furie of his gall :  
Hee'l not escape, fear in his house shall dwell,  
Though man should pittie, yet the Lord he shall  
Consume himself, waste his Posteritie,  
And all his kindred shall ex-irpat be.  
This is his dwelling, this is his abode,  
Whose will's deprav'd, and who denyes a God.

---

## *Job's reply to Bildad.*

**T**hen answer'd *Job* to *Bildad*, Why do ye  
Reuerat your talk to torture me ?  
With speeches, not according to my pain,  
Ye oft reproach me, and your talk's in vain.  
Ye're not ash'm'd, ye are too impudent  
To me-ward : If I erre, my punishment  
Turns to my self, and here it shall remain  
With me : *My sin shall be correct'd with pain*,  
Then being full of grief, he braoste h out,  
His passion swelleth, and he calleth out  
This talk, declaring, that his grief and pain  
Proceeds from God : he cannot ease obtain.

My Seed's destroy'd, and I am left alone,  
And though I cry, to answer there is none.  
He'ch interjected great afflictions to  
Into my way, that free I cannot go:  
His wrath 'gainst me is kindled, and its I,  
Whom God esteem's his very Enemy.

## The Christians Example,

My Brethren, Neighbours, have forsaken me,  
And He who knew me eyen familiarie,  
They have forgotten me ; they know not when  
My grief increaseth, and my daily pain.  
I call'd my Servant, but he did deny,  
Stranging to see me in such misery :  
My Wife she shut me from her memorie,  
Also the wicked they despised me.  
Yet all their griefs they will not satisfy,  
But even my body is in cruelty,  
Torrur'd with pains, my bones cleave to my skin,  
Have pity, friends, and do no more begin  
For to condemn me for an Hypocrite :  
Ye should comfort me, for my slippery feet  
Are near to fall ; for God hath touched me  
So with his hand, that I am like to die.  
Is't not enough that God doth persecute  
And vex me so ; but ye must also do't ?  
Ye do increase my pain, my flesh will not  
Stay your desires : but ye do ope your throat  
To vex my soul, and tear my mind in spleen ;  
Ye rave in speech, I know not what you mean ;  
Ye judge me a blasphemer, and contrives  
Wrong things on me : But my Redeemer livas ;  
Him shall I see, Him shall mine eyes behold,  
Though once (with worms) my flesh must rot in mo'd.  
Sure God will once revenge himself on you  
Who judge me so ; and yet ye know not how.  
Surely He tries my Faith, that I may be  
A good example to Posteris. *is.*

Or, Job's Answer.

Zophar to Job.

**M**Y Heart's so pregnant, that it cannot hold ;  
My Tongue would speak, & so it makes me bold.  
The Spirit of my Knowledge makes me know  
That I can answer, and confute thee too.  
Does not thine Understanding reach to this,  
To know, *The joy of evill men shortned is* ?  
And tho his glory reach unto the sky,  
His head to Heav'n, yet his excellency  
Shall be destroyed ; and he, like the dust,  
Shall be extirpate, and he perish must :  
And though (in ostentation) he do seem  
Most firm, yet shall he passe like to a dream ;  
And though he does appear, before mens sight,  
Famous a while, with a dissembled light,  
Yet shall he passe like to a Vision vain,  
*That thought enough, yet nothing did remain.*

In all which Zophar trieth if he can  
Prove tortur'd Job to be a wicked man :  
Because that God had chang'd his prosperous dy,  
And turn'd his wealth into adversity.  
Zophar proceeds, descrying this withall,  
*To wit, The wicked's state, and final fall.*

---

Job's Answer to Zophar.

**H**ear ye my words, and mark attentively,  
And it shall be a comfort unto me ;

## The Christians Example.

Hold but your peace, friends, let me speak, and when  
I Job have finisht, then ye may mock on.  
Is not my speech direct'd to God ? am I  
Speaking to man ? yet Hee'll not answer me :  
Should not my spirit then be tortur'd sore,  
That speaks in vain, and so I'm vext therefore ?  
Why does the wicked's breath so long endure ?  
They live ( in Age, in Health, in Wealth ) secure ;  
Their famisies are safe without the Rod  
Of the Almighty, or the hand of God :  
His Flocks ingender, and they do not misse,  
Like sheep the number of his Children is,  
They do rejoice them with the Organs sound,  
And without languor they go to the ground :  
Yet all their speech to God's, Depart ; for we  
Despise the Wisdome that pertains to theo :  
Who is the Lord God, that we should subject  
Our selves to Him ? Should we bow down our neck  
To the Almighty ? And what is our gain  
To pray to God ? do we not pray in vain ?

God lends to them, their wealth is not their own,  
It's furu'd to nought, if God begin to frown.

Their wicked counsell put thou far from me,  
Hide me, O Lord, from their prosperitie :  
Surely they'll be consumed as the straw,  
Or as the chaffe the storm does bear away :  
His eyes shal see that he shall go to death,  
And fill his mouth with the Almighties wrath.

Or, Job's Adversity.

What man on earth dare boldly undertake  
To teach God knowledge ? who, for's wisdom's sake,  
Judgeth the highest, and makes the wicked be  
Pow'full on earth, full of prosperitie.  
The wicked in their strength do live and die :  
Not so the Godly ; for they bitterlie  
Give up the ghost ; they never in a world  
Do eat with pleasure, but from thence are hurl'd :  
Yet both their Corps meet in the earth, and they  
*DUST in the DUST* must there together ly.  
Your mind is opt before me, and I know  
The bad device whereby ye wrong me do :  
Ye stild my house, ( but in derision )  
*The PRINCES TABERNACLE !* Now it's gone :  
What is your consolation ? Is't not vain ?  
Since in your answer nought but *LIES* remain.

---

Eliphaz to Job.

**C**an humane Justice or thy righteous way  
Be gain to God ? Yea sure thy goodness may  
In no way profit th' Almighty God <sup>above</sup> :  
For fear of thee will He thy wrongs reprove ?  
Great is thy sin and thine iniquitie,  
And hath been cruell without charitie :  
Thine own advantage still ; Thou didst prefer  
Before the poor, and such as weary were :  
With water thou didst not relieve their need,  
Nor to the hungry diddest render bread.

## The Christians Example;

Thy wrong abounded when Authority  
Thou didst enjoy: therefore God took't from thee,  
Not onely good thou hast omitted, but  
Committed ill; *Orphans* will witnesse it:  
The *Widow* sure thou hast cast empty out,  
Therefore bad Inares do compasse thee about.  
Yet in thine heart remains impiety,  
Saying to God, *How can his Majesty*  
*See through the dark? How can his wisdom know*  
*Things done on earth? things acted here below?*  
Repent therefore, acquaint thy self with God,  
That thou with him mayst have a firm abode.  
Make peace with God, O *Job*, do not deny  
To call to God; then shall prosperity  
Attend thy presence. O *Job, Job, return,*  
Expell all sin, repent, delight to mourn,  
Till from thy Soul sin it be overpast;  
Then shalt thou store up *Ophirs* Gold as dust,  
Then shall th' Almighty thy Protector be,  
And from all ill he shall deliver thee.  
Even for thy sake the Lord will keep the *Land*,  
Thus for the *truth* and *purenesse* of thine hand.

---

### *Jobs reply to Eliphaz:*

**T**hen answered *Job*, born down with smart  
O grief, which now's indweller in his heart;  
Complaining, that his stroak and plague it was  
More then his groaning: though in bitterness,

Or, *Jobs Adversity*

His weary talk and frosty speech abode,  
Yet would he reason with th' almighty God,  
Saying ;  
Would he dispute against me by his might ?  
No, surely he would rather frame me right  
To answer Him ; and so be safe by power  
Even of my *J U D G E*, and make my self the *Doer* ;  
All *Nauick Points* I seek, and cannot find  
Him ; for he seeks me, and he tries my mind :  
And though he does my tracts and steps behold,  
Yet shall he find me purer than the gold.  
I have his foot-steps follow'd, and his way  
Have I declin'd ? Ask and I'll answer, *Nay*.  
Yet doth his favour passe away from me,  
*He must, he will, perform his just decree*  
*Of me* ; though sure my God he does intend  
Still to ordain me for a gracious end :  
Therefore His presence makes me be dismaid,  
I meditate of Him, and am afraid :  
The cause of which ye may perceive in two ;  
\* *No end Job sees* : † *No cause he doeth know*.

Then Job descries the wickednesse of him  
Who layes to rob, and who affects to climb  
*In height of Errour*, (or it's rather worse)  
Ulurping fally the poor *Orphans Horse*,  
And *Widows Ox*, they make the poor a prey,  
So that they're forc'd to turn another way.  
They are *laborious* ! but (I pray) for what ?  
In rising early, and in waking late,

## The Christians Example,

For to bereave the poor-man of his store,  
 They'll have his *Gleaning* though he had no more;  
 The wicked they combine, and these they are,  
 The *Man bloodt-hirsty*, the *Adulterer*.  
 This riseth early, and he klls the Poor,  
 That loves the night, loves to enjoy the whore;  
 Though God doth suffer them to breath a while,  
 Yet Hee'll not still permit his loving smile  
 To hold in their Horizon, though for a time;  
 But will at length correct them for their crime.  
 They did not weep when others lay in pain,  
 Therefore, for them, men weeping shall restrain.

Of the Almighties judgements none can show  
 A perfect reason, Friends, is it not so?  
 Now if ye please, to prove me in the by,  
 Produce Objections, and *Job* shall reply.

### Bildad to Job.

**T**hen answer'd Bildad, though the Lord be slow  
 To punish evil, will he forget it? No;  
 And though he tempts the Gody, and doth try  
 Them, yet at length hee'll send prosperity.  
 Who from Gods presence can but hide his face,  
 What is obcur'd from his transcendent grace?  
 Cannot the Lord extinguish even the light  
 Of gloomy Phebe? unclean in his sight.

Or, *Jobs Adversity.*

Are all the Stars: then what is man ( when they  
Are blot by him ) that's subject to decay  
Even almost hourlie? blown by any storm,  
To be compai'd to nothing but a worm.

---

*Jobs reply to Bildad.*

**N**ow answer, *Bilaad*, on whose side art thou?  
Or what conclude ye, I would gladly know?  
Needs the Almighty help for to confute  
Me, who am helpless, and left destitute?  
Whom gives thou counsell? him who hath no wit?  
Whom helps thou *Bildad*? prethee shew me it:  
Speaks thou for him, whose ever-piercing eye,  
Into the dark, can secret mines discry?  
The earth's uncloath'd before Him, and there's none  
Can hide him from the *Graves corruption*.  
The *Æquinoctial Zodiack*, and *Zones*,  
He makes ( in brief, the very spacious Heavens )  
To turn about the *Artick Pole*: and he  
Binds up the Waters in the cloudy Skie.  
The Lord withdraws the visage of his Throne,  
And stretcheth out the dark Clouds therupon.  
With bands the Lord the Floods hath set about,  
So that they cannot erre, nor wander out;  
Untill the Lord shall make *Earths Period*,  
And till the World shall be reform'd by God.  
The Standards of the high Celestial Skie  
Shall tremble at his glorious Majesty.

The

## The Christians Example,

The prond Undations wonder at thy power,  
And calms his passion to behold the D O E R :  
So if these few shew His Omnipotence,  
His glorious Pow'r, and witty Providence,  
Then unto what would His great Might extend,  
If man could all His Actings comprehend ?

But He hath so afflicted me, that I  
Cannot be known to rest in equity :  
For worldly creatures judge by outward signs,  
And so are ign'rant of my hearts designs.  
But, till the King of Terrors threaten death,  
And till my throat exhale its fatall breath,  
Still shall my lips refrain from that that's ill,  
Likewise my tongue from uttering any guile.  
The Lord forbid that I should justifie  
Who me condemn, because Gods hand's on me ;  
Nor will I ever say, that God hath done  
This unto me for sins correction.  
Sure Justice in my spirit shall be plac't,  
My heart shall not rebuke me for time past ;  
Like to the wicked shall mine enemie,  
So like the unjust shall that person be,  
Who rise against me : Sure his hope's in vain  
Who stores up riches with laborious pain ;  
Then God removes his soul, and it doth ly,  
And though he pray to God, Hee'l not reply.  
Will THIS delight into the Lord ? Will he  
Call on the Lord ? Will he on God rely ?  
Though he should store up silver as the dust,  
Yet should it be possessed by the Just.

Or, Job's Adversity.

His cottage on the slippery place he stayes,  
His death's not quiet, but he op's his eyes,  
And so is gone : they have no quiet home,  
Nor are they gather'd to their fathers tomb.  
Each man shall have him in derision,  
Thus they're subjected to destruction.  
Then Job proceedeth, and he doth declare  
How dark to man Gods secret works they are.  
Scarce ought at all, but may be limited,  
Except the wisdom of th'eternall God,  
Which passeth all the scrutiny of man  
To understand the wonders which He can.  
He breaketh Rivers in the Rocks, and He  
Each precious Mine and Mineral doth see.  
The Floods are knit together by his hand,  
That it cannot ov'r-flow its wortied land.  
And though almost his terrene power be known,  
Yet heavenly, it to him cannot be shown.  
Its elevat too high for man to climb  
To it, too good to be obtain'd by him  
Who lives on Earth: and him who Earth but is,  
So Earth on Earth doth heavenly wisdom misse.  
If on the Sea ye seek'd, it shall deny,  
Saying ~~Gods wisdom is not found in man~~  
It cannot be exchang'd with Gold, nor with  
The weight of Silver its not got: then say  
Wisdom's so rare, since there's no earthly thing  
Whereby we can, or may the same obtain,  
Then go to God, and he will to thee show  
How thou shalke wisdom and his knowledge know.

## The Christians Example,

The Lords Dialogue unto man is this,  
Fear ye the Lord, for it much wisdom is.  
Yet Job proceeds, complaining of the time  
Wherein the Lord Almighty favour'd him;  
And of the time that God in Majesty,  
Had bravely deck'd him with prosperity.  
I walked out unto the Judgement Seat,  
When't was prepar'd ev'n in the very street.  
The Princes stayed and beheld my wit,  
They wond'red at my wisdom and stood mute:  
The ear that heard me, blest me, and the eye  
That saw my Justice, fell a praising me.  
The Orphans need I banisht, and I did  
Relieve the helplesse; I delivered  
Whose need almost constrain'd them for to die:  
So blessings on me rain'd abundantlie.  
I cloath'd my self with Justice, I put on  
A righteous judgment, and it was my crown,  
Eyes to the Blind, Feet to the Lame was I;  
The Poor no Orphans, when they knew of me.  
Not only I reliev'd these in distresse,  
But also did th'unrighteous depresse.  
Then with my self I said, Sure I shall die  
Without all trouble, without misery.  
Like to the Sand my dayes shall multiply,  
For I am grounded in felicity.  
Unto my Speech each Rationall gave ear,  
When I gave counsell they rejoyc'd to hear.  
After I spake, to answer there was none,  
My speech in them took such impression,

Or, *God's Adversary.*

But now I'm chang'd unto another dye,  
Contemn'd by those who younger are then I;  
By these whose fathers I would not permis  
Them with the dogs of my flocks to be for.  
On me they try their voices for to tune,  
They me abhore, my company they shun;  
Therefore my Soul is pour'd out upon me,  
My life it fails, the daisies of grief are on me.  
My pains do compass me about, and I  
Perceive my garments, by its veh'mency,  
Have chang'd their colour to a darker dy;  
God hath redact'd me to such misery.  
Thou dost dissolve my substance, makes me ride  
Upon the wind: my strength doth not abide.  
When I expected nought but good, O I then  
Affliction came upon my Soul; and when  
I sought for comfort, and expected light,  
Then was I mock'd, and darkn'd was my sight.  
My skin's obscured with afflictions,  
With heat of pain consumed are my bones;  
Therefore my gladnessse it is turn'd to wo,  
And when I should rejoice, I mourning go.  
I kept mine eye from wanton looks, and I  
Feared to sin against his Majesty.  
Only its He, *the Author of dages,*  
Who tells my steps, and doth behold my wayes;  
But if my steps have sum'd at all aside,  
Or if my feet did hasten them to slide  
Then let me sow ( according to the Law )  
And let these reap these, which I did not know!

## The Christians Example,

If I at all restrain'd the poors desire,  
Or any thing the needy did require ;  
Or made the Widow long for her request,  
Or ate my meat, without the Orphans taste :  
Or hath not eaten what my self, and I  
Maintain'd the Widows cause right carefully.  
If I the poor, for want of cloath have been  
Ready to die, without a covering :  
If I not cloath'd him : if he blest not me,  
If to the Orphans I did injurie :  
*Then, let my arme with foul corruption*  
*Res from the shoulder, broken be the bone.*  
Yet not for man, nor humane fear did I,  
Refrain from such, but for Gods Majesty.  
His punishment was fearfull unto me,  
And from his pow'r, I could not safelie be.  
If hope of gold I plac'd at all in me,  
Or did rejoice in my prosperitie ;  
(For this is sin to be condemned too,  
For I'd deny'd the God above, if so.)  
If I rejoic'd at his destruction,  
Who hated me, when ill came him upon.  
Neither my mouth have suffered to be  
Sinfull in cursing this mine enemie.  
O, that I had some for to hearken me !  
God is my witnesse, he will testifie  
My righteous cause ; though mine Adversarie  
(in bitterness) should write a book 'gainst me.  
Should I not think't a glorie, and I'd show  
To him my steps, my life I'd make him know.

Or, Job's Adversity.

If I have holden wages from their hand,  
I say, from those who labour'd in my land:  
Or if by me the masters vexed were,  
Or did delight to be Extortioner:  
Then let, in place of *Wheat*, rank *Thistles* grow,  
And *Cockle* spring, where I did *Barley* sow.

So here Job be ends  
His talk to his friends.

---

Elihu the Busite, son to Barachel, son to Naeg  
chor, the brother of Abraham; he who  
had not formerly spoken, thus breaketh  
his silence to Job.

The Busite then, ( being wroth ) Barachel's son,  
Reply'd to Job. ( since now remained none  
To speak ) Ye're old; therefore afraid was I  
To shew my minde, too too deliberatly.  
Thinking within me to be taught of these  
Who had a full experience in dayes.  
O ! be attentive, Friends, I'le gladly shew  
What's my opinion, and my mind to you :  
Behold I heark'ned unto your intent,  
Whilst ye 'gainst Job your reasons did invent;  
And when I have consider'd your reply,  
None of you answer'd him effectually.  
Yet hath he not direct'd his words to me,  
Nor by your words, to him will I reply.

And so they fearing, every one stood mute,  
Desisting speech, to me they answered not.  
So I reply'd ( who had not spoke before )  
Having conceived in my minde great storie.  
I'le not accept of wealth nor dignitie,  
But ope my lips, and speak the truth will I :  
Nor will I ( lest the Lord shoud suddenly  
Take me away ) by any flattery  
Befriend my self with man, and cloak the truth.  
Then *Elisha* to *Job* expressly sheweth,  
That God hath diverse means to extrahat  
Man from his sin, and his soul from the pit.  
As oft as man repents, the Lord will turn  
And save his soul from the tormenting Urn.  
Then be attentive, *Job*, and I will speak,  
Hearken to me, and do thou silence keep,  
But if thou doubt of any thing, or see  
Occasion to speak against it, answer me :  
For in my minde, I have a great desire  
To justifie thee, then be no deny'r  
To hear me speak, and hold thy tongue, then I  
Will give and teach thee wisdom, by and by.  
O ! then ye Friends, who are esteemed wise,  
Hear ye my speech, for words the ear tryes:  
Let us examine, let us seek to know  
What ill's amongst us, and what ill we do,  
For righteous *Job*, himself he doth declare,  
Says his afflictions they too heavy are.  
What man's like *Job*, who is compell'd to be  
A drunkard, of reproach and villanie?

53  
Or, *Jobs Adversity.*

He overturns *Jobs* words, and sayes that he  
Thought godlinesse it could no profit be:  
Whereas *Job* sayes, Gods children often be  
*Afflict'd on earth, when wicked ones go free.*  
But *Elihu* proceeds, and doth declare  
How righteous God's, how just his judgments are:  
How far his power extends all earthly might,  
How he can open secrets done in night.  
And so he rails on *Job*, as though he did  
Despise the Lord, and vsinly speak to God;  
Saying, If in thy pow'r it doth not ly,  
To coneradiet the clouds, therefore will ye  
Instruct the Lord? if thou iniquitie  
Commit 'gainst him, what hurt receiveth he?  
If thou be just, then, *Job*, I will demand,  
What then obtains God at thy righteous hand?  
Thy perverse actions, and thy wickednesse  
May hurt a man, and may a man oppresse.  
But to the Lord cannot; nay, let alone,  
To God there can be no comparison,  
There's no malicious deed, nor cruell end,  
Can hurt the Lord, or to the Lord extend.  
If the opprest requir'd the help of God,  
His paines would passe into a period.  
Perhaps they'll cry in pain, but not in faith,  
(As feeling heavenly mercies) he not hath  
Gods answer therefore, though he ly in pain,  
Thus therefore *Job* doth ope his mouth in vain.  
For if the Lord should punish him as he  
Deserves, to speak he could not able be.

Yet *Elisha* proceeds in speech and sayes,  
 Just are Gods doings, righteous are his wayes;  
 Who doeth not the wicked crew maintain,  
 But yet the Godly doth of him obtain  
 Honour and pow'r : they are exalted so,  
 That touching but their hearts their sin they know.

But we're so checkt by our infirmity,  
 That we behold not his excellency.

What man is pow'rfull, for to understand  
 The mighty wonders acted by his hand?  
 The dark divisions of the clouds who can  
 Descrie them rightly ? sure its not in man.  
 The colder Vapour, and the hot ( in ire )  
 Meers one another, and engenders Fire.  
 All which by G O D. —

God chunders greatly with his Voice, and he  
 Acts things too deep for poor mans inquirie.  
 He makes the rain descend on Earth, and so  
 He doth appoint the white congealed Snow  
 To lye on heaps, so that it shotteth man  
 Up in his house, the beast into its den :  
 That all may know his greatnessse and his pow'r,  
 Blessing his name, adoring such a Doer.  
 When he begins to breath, the Frost is given  
 The Water's dried, and the Floods are driv'n  
 Or for correction, or to ripe the Land,  
 Either in mercy, or his heavy hand,  
 Sends he his rain, confect'd of diverse natures,  
 Or cold, or hot, or to supply the Creatur.

*Or, Fools Adversity.*

O hearken, Job ! consider this, and stand  
Mute, and admire the actions of his hand.  
Doth this thy wisdom reach at all to know  
When God dispos'd them ? Knowes Job ? surely, No.  
Or doth thy understanding reach to see  
His wonders in the clouds varietie ?  
Like to a molten Glasse canst thou outstretch  
The strengthen'd Heavens ? Or canst thou over-reach  
In Understanding, him, whose perfect wit  
Loves none at all that's wise in self-conceit ?  
He's excellent in pow'r, and therefore let  
Men fear his Justice. He afflicteth not  
Without a cause. So *Elihu* holds still,  
Leaving toil'd *Job*, and left his speech untill

{ *Him who was then* ?  
{ *Tortur'd with pain.* }

---

THE

THE  
Summe of the Ensuing Verses,

**G**OD speaks to Job,  
Declares His might,  
And Job repenteth  
In His sight;  
Prayes for his friends,  
And they're set free:  
So Job's restor'd  
To libertie.  
His goods increase  
And multiplie;  
In double sort  
Restored be.

Being iuriched on this wayes,  
Job dieth, being full of dayes.

GOD

## GOD to Job.

**T**hen spake the Lord with glorious Majestic,  
 And answer'd Job out of the whiske-wind he.  
 His voice was fearful, that frail Job might know  
 With what a dreadfull Sp'rit he had to do:  
 Inquiring sharply, who they were that did,  
 By foolish knowledg, seek the mind of God.  
 Who seeks his secret counsell, and the more,  
 By vain scrutation, made it still obscure.  
 Gird up thy loins, Job, like unto a man,  
 I will demand, and answer if thou can.  
 What essence hadst thou when the Lord, even I,  
 Gave being to this darkned *Massie of clay*?  
 Now answer Job, if this thou doest know  
 Or understands it, prethee to me shew.  
 Tell who is he, that laid *Earth's Corner-Stone*,  
 How are its low Foundations plac'd thereon?  
 When morning Star they praised me, and when  
 The Son of God did praise me, (called mine.)  
 Or who hath shap't the fusions moving Star,  
 And wrapt it up with bands, as I know he?  
 Commanding it thither to come, and not  
 For to walk further in its course a jot?  
 Since thou had being, since thy late-rome dayes,  
 Hast thou made light, or made the Morning ruse?

*The Christians Example,*

Have mortall Gates been subje<sup>c</sup>t unto thee ?  
Or hast thou known how broad the earth to be ?  
Where is the way where perfect light doth dwell ;  
Or where's the dark ? Sure if thou canst thou'l tell,  
Who is the father of the rain then shew ?  
Who has begot the watry drops of dew ?  
Out of whose belly did proceed the ice ;  
Or tell by whom the frost ingendred was ?  
Is the influence of *Pleiades* at all  
Restrain'd by thee ? makes thou his bands to fall ?  
I mean *Orion* : Or canst thou produce  
*Mazzaroth* ( *Zodiack* some to call it use )  
In his own time ? Or dost thou know so far  
To guide the *Pole* 'gainst the *Antartick Star* ?  
Who hath infused *Wisdom* into Man ?  
Who to the heart give *Understanding* can ?  
Who can, by wit, number the *Clouds* a piece ?  
Or *Rain* descending who can make it cease ?

Then when the Lord had Metaphysick things  
Omitted, unto Naturallis He springs :  
For the *Great Lion* wilt thou hunt the prey ?  
Or fill his young ones appetite, when they  
Couch in their places, and in covert ly ?  
Who feeds the *Ravens*, when their *Birds* do ~~dry~~ ?

Know'st thou the season when the *wilde Goats* does  
Bring forth ? mark'st thou the *Hynds* when that they  
Do calve ? knows thou the moneths that they do ( use  
Fulfil their time ? this secret dost thou know ?  
They bow themselves, and with difficulty,  
Bruse out their *Young* in sorrow bitterly,

Yet

Or, Jobs Adversity.

Yet they with corn and other food wax fat ;  
Go forth, but to return they do forget.  
Who hath the wilde *Asse* set at liberty ?  
And desarts made his house ? Is it not I ?  
He scorns the Citties multitude, and he  
Scorns to give ear unto the Drivers cry :  
He searcheth out the mountains for his food,  
Seeks ev'ry green thirg, and esteems it good.  
Will th' *Unicorn* do service unto thee ?  
Or wilt thou trust him, 'cause his strength's so hie ?  
Wilt thou put trust into him, that he will  
Gather thy *Seed* thy Barn-yard untill ?  
Hast thou giv'n pleasant gilded *Wings* unto  
The portraied *Peacock* ? or diddest thou  
Give feathers to the *Ostrich* ? who on ground  
Leaveth her *Eggs*, forgetting they'll be found  
By any wilde beasts foot, that might them break :  
*A Father-care* from off him he does shake :  
Yet when his Young grow up in dust, they do  
Mount up, and mocks the horse and rider too.  
Of naturall affection God hath him  
Depriv'd ; and wisedom cannot to him come.  
It's I the Lord have said it. ——————  
Hast thou ordain'd the *Horse* or *Stalion*,  
With strength who scorns the multitude of men ?  
He covered his neck with neighing ; Hath his brow  
Or gloomy looks e're been restrain'd by you ?  
Mad'st thou him fear'd as the *Grasshoppers* be ?  
Mad'st thou him breath or fume upon the tie ?  
He beats the valley, and he diggeth too,

Rejoicin

## The Christians Example,

Rejoicing in his strength, as he doth go  
Forthwith to meet the basest man, and he  
Mocketh at fear, and cannot quiet be.  
He's not afraid for sword, nor turns for war,  
Though Quivers rattle, or the glittering speir.  
With fiercenesse he treads underfoot the ground,  
And sayeth, *ha!* when Trumps begin to sound.  
He smells the war, he knows the battels voice  
Afar, he bears the Captains shouting noise.  
Then can thy wisdom make the *Hawk* to flee,  
And stretch her wings toward the South countrie?  
At thy command do th' *Eagle* mount on high,  
Who bideth on the Rock, and thence doth spy  
For meat? her eyes are made so bright and clear,  
She spies her food convenient afar:  
Her Young-ones also suck up blood; and, where  
The slain are extant, ye will find her there.

Others? Is this the high Path-rod, and way  
To strive with the Almighties Majesty?  
He that reproveth God, then let him be  
In readinesse to these to answer me.

**T**hen answer'd Job, with trembling fear and said,  
Once have I spoken, but will not proceed.  
I'm vile, What shall I answer? then I'll lay  
Mine hand on mouth, and so succumb will I.  
Twise shoke have I,  
But will no more reply.

## God to Job, the second time.

**A**Gain the Lord, out of the whirlwinde, made  
His voice proceed, and thus to Job he said,  
Gird now thy loins up like a man, and I  
Will thus demand, declare thou unto me:  
Wilt thou my judgement disanull, and must  
Thou Job condemn me, that thou may'st be just?  
Or may thy strength e're paralleld be  
With Gods; or bears thou such a voice as he?  
Decore thy self with beauty, and array,  
Thy self with glory and excellency;  
The rage and indignation cast abroad  
Of thy wrath; then abate each one that's proud,  
And cast thine eye on each one that is hy,  
Or arrogant, and make him low to ly;  
Destroy thou the wicked in their place,  
Hide them into the dust, and bind their face  
In secret places: then will I confesse  
Thine hand can save; but I lie not unlesse  
See thou to Behemoth ( whom I made with thee )  
Who eateth grasse as Oxen vsludlie;  
His strength is plac't into his loins, and his  
Force in the navel of his belly is;  
When he takes pleasure, his tail's like to a God's;  
The sinews of his stones are wrapt together;  
His greater bones are like to brassie, his tails  
Are like to staves of iron one and all.

Among

*The Goliathus Example,*

Amongst the beasts, he's the chief work of God,  
Yet with my breathing can I blow him dead.

Surely the mountains unto him brings out

Grasse. Can the Willows compasse him about?

He spoils the River, and he trusts he can

Draw in his mouch the River deep *Jordan*.

Canst thou the *Leviathan* extrahat

With hook or line, which thou mayst cast thereat?

Or canst thou cast an hook into his nose?

Or with an angle canst thou pierce his Jaws?

Will he beseech thee, lest thou shouldst him take?

Or pray to thee, or to thee fairly speak?

Or canst thou fill the basket with his skin?

Or's head be put the Pannier within.

Lay thine hand on him, but think on to know

The dangerous battel, and do no more so.

His hope is vain who trusts to take him, for

Shall not one perish at his sight? (none dare

Stir up this *Leviathan*, yet a creature!

Then who is powerfull to withstand Gods nature?)

Who tisen is he that can before me stand?

Who hath preveen'd me that I'sde make an end?

Who to fulfill my work, have taught me then?

For all to me pertains beneath the Heaven.

Then surely I'le discry his parts, and will

Show you the shape and power of the *Whale*.

Who dare pull off his scallie skin? or who

Shall ope his mouth, or with a bit come to

His bridle, to command his snout?

Scarefull, fearfull round about.

Or, Job's Answer.

His pridefull scales are jointly coupled; so  
That *Boreas* air to enter doth not know.  
One scale's so closely knit unto another,  
They cannot loose, they're ignorant to sundee.  
His nose ejaculateth flames of fire;  
He lies among the stones as in the mire.  
Out of his mouth goes sparks of fier hot,  
Smoak from his nose like to a boylng pot.  
Into his neck remaineth strength, and he  
To any labour cannot subiect be.  
His joints are well conjoin'd, his body is  
Strong in it self, cannot be moved, his  
Heart's as th' Nether-stone of any mill,  
The Mighties fear'd dare not approach untill  
This monstrous *Leviathan*, lest they fall  
A fainting, and give up the ghost withall.  
He lets at nought the sword, he cares for none,  
Nor for the dart, nor for the habergeon.  
The Archers cunning cannot make him flee,  
Nor for the sling will he affrayed be:  
The darts by him like straw they counted are,  
He mocks and scorns the shaking of the spear:  
His wallowing in the sea will make it swell,  
And makes it tremble like a pot of oil.  
There's none like to him: for unnumbered  
Hee's made; all beasts on earth subiected are  
Unto this *Leviathan* or the whale,  
And hee's a proud superior over all.

Then *Job* reply'd, I know that thou, Lord God,  
Canst do all things, and nothing's from thine hid. *Lord*

Lord, I confess I'm base, and only I  
Do speak of things that's too obscure for me :  
Then, Lord, I will submit my self to thee,  
Be thou the Master, I'll the Scholar be ;  
I'll learn of thee, teach thou me wisdom then,  
And I'll have wit above all vulgar men.  
Before I knew thee only by the ear,  
But now to me thou speakest, and I hear ;  
And now I do contemplate thee, and I  
Will here resign me to thy Majesty :  
Therefore my self I do abhore, and must  
Repent in ashes, and ly low in dust.

---

### The L O R D to Job's Comforters.

**T**HEN unto Job's Comforters spoke the Lord,  
With angry countenance and wrachfull word,  
Saying, Ye interpris'd a wicked cause,  
For Job my servant falsly judged was :  
By outward crosses and afflictions ye  
Condemned him, and by his miserie ;  
While on the contrar, ye his friends should made  
Him be comforted by my meeties good.  
Ye have not spoke, nor uttered of me  
As Job my servant in realites :  
Therefore, Comforters, get you Rams, and make  
The Altar with your Bullocks for to smock,  
Go sacrifice unto the Lord alone,  
Lest he do you you so confusion.

My

Or, Job's Adversity.

My servant Job shall pray for you, and I  
Will save you for my servants purity ;  
Because ye have not spoken right of God,  
As righteous Job thy honest servant did :  
And so they went and acted, as the Lord  
Had formerly commanded by His Word.  
Then Job's afflictions were cast off, and he,  
By heav'ly smiles was loo'd from miserie.  
And when he had interceded for his friends,  
The Lord Almighty doubled his means :  
And by the power and valiant hand of God  
His pains did passe unto a period.  
His Brethren and his Sisters they combin'd,  
They who were Strangers heretofore, conveen'd :  
They had compassion on him, and did meet,  
Comforting Job with gifts, and made him eat :  
Some gave a Lamb, and some a piece of Gold ;  
So God enrich'd him with a double fold.  
Of cattell : Now Gods servant Job possesses  
A thousand yoke of Oxen, thousand Asses :  
He who just now on dust did crossest keep,  
He now enjoys the double of his Sheep :  
He who with pain was almost quite undone,  
He now is blest with thrice three Sons and one :  
He who incontinent was scorcht with pain,  
Receives his Camels doubled again ;  
He who before was from all company  
Restrain'd, he now begetteth Daughters thrie.  
He, who was powred out like milk before,  
Obtains Gods love and favour evermore.

After this wealth and procreation,  
Job liv'd ( and saw his Generation,  
Of Sons and Daughters, to the fourth degree )  
A hundred thirty seven years, and three.  
So Job gave up the ghost, left them who reads,  
( To follow him in these his patient deeds.)

But oh ! I love the World, and my desire  
Grows on this *Mole-hill*, and scarce reacheth higher.  
I can do nought, but wonder at this Glob,  
How different its from *Long-since*, I from Job.

---

---

To



## To the READER.

Reader, into the former page thou sees  
The sixth line shut with a Parenthesis;  
Which was begun the seventh line of our Story.  
Pardon me, Reader, for I think't a glory  
To see incloſ'd within a little Glob,  
The ever-living crosses of a Job.  
Rowle through the World, then O, and let it  
A portray'd Patience, as I handle thee.  
Direct each hand, O God, to keep the Bowl  
At midſt, leſt it too fast, or ſlowly rowle.  
Let it run ſlow, that all may ſee the deeds  
Of Job: and learn, Let him run that reads.

# JOBS LIFE, INTO THREE PARTS.

---

## The first Part.

First, when the Sun-shine of his prosperous dayes  
Shew forth their sweet, but shade-comforting rayes:  
Then with his age, his riches did increase,  
Of any crosse all-ignorant he was.  
He did abound in riches and in wealth,  
He understood no mis'rie, but in health  
Put foorth his dayes, for all he had was blest  
With successse, and was richest in the East.  
Then did the O, or my Parenthesis,  
enjoy two horns, as't had beene figur'd thus.



The

## The second Part.

Then did Iobs wealth (as pictur'd down-beneath)  
 Run to an height, and to decrease again.  
 Heaven to this Pattero trouble did bequeath,  
 And he was pin'd with feav'rous scorching pain,  
 Yet grace was given him from the God aboye,  
 Still to indure, and be a patient Iobs  
 That unto us *Example* he might provy,  
 To close his crosses as this little Glob.



BRITISH  
MUSEUM

## The third Part.

Has Job ov'rwhelm'd with grief and pain, abode  
 In misery, till the Almighty G O D  
 Did extract his Cartasse from its pain,  
 Restor'd his Soul to liberty again.  
 G O D loos'd his bands, banish't all fearfull dreams;  
 And so he shines till now 'twixt two Extreams.

Property.



Adversity.

## In Prosperity.

Hath God inrich'd thee with a thriving flock,  
 Or oyl'd thy arms with Jacob's speckled flock;  
 Or made thee find Heav'n's prosperous blinks to be  
 Toward thy Household, and thy Familie?  
 Then ponder up into thine heart, how vain  
 All worldly hope's, how frail's all earthly gain.  
 Dives is rich'd with store, and thinks it best  
 His Soul take pleasure, and his Soul take rest;  
 But Dives is mistaken, all's not well!  
 For foolish Dives must prepare for hell.  
 Place not thy rest, poor man, in earth's abode;  
 Here must thou strive, else cannot rest with GOD.



(71)

## In Adversity.

OR hath the God of heaven rain'd down on thee  
The gloomy looks of sad Adversity?  
Then seek for grace, to rest content, exclaim,  
God gives and takes, blest be his holy Name.  
Though thou be cross'd, afflict'd, though thou be poor  
He's rich who may obtain, of hope a Door.  
Shut up thy sighs, and God, by strength of Pray'r,  
Will be ov'rcome, and give thee thy desire.

Lord, if thou please me to oppresse at all,  
Oppresse me on this World, that I may call  
Upon thy Name; and so thou'l set me free:  
Cross me in Time, not in Eternity.



# MEDITATION

## ON

### J O B.

**A**nd is it so (great God of heaven) that he  
Was plung'd in crosses and perplexitie?  
So that his flesh did change its proper hew,  
No devillish crosse was left that Sarah knew:  
The elevation of his grief abounded,  
So that he still expect'd to be confounded:  
His toiling conflict, and his wicked wife;  
His oft contention, and his daily strife  
With friends; the horrour of his mighty dreams;  
Still like to rack him on the stormy streams  
Of deep vexation, toss'd upon despair;  
Here liv'd in hope, then hope confounded there;  
And then the fear of Gods displeased eye  
Made him be cast in trembling extasie.

Lord, give me leave to say, It happ'd well  
On Job; though I deserve as much, as ill a hand  
Blest be thy Name, the arrow was well goided.  
On honest Job, who had the power to hid it.  
Yet, Lord, I do believe thou gav'st the power,  
Else fleshly Job had never been the doer.

## Meditation on Job.

and hadst not thou imparted Grace Divine  
To *Job*, his faith would been as weak as mine.  
One of these crosses, or the smalleſt touch,  
Would drown'd me, Lord, though I deserv'd as much;  
for I exceed a twenty-fold degree  
Of ſin to *Job*, and much more vile than he  
By hundred ſteps: in ſin I him exceed;  
or he transgrefſt in word, but I in deed.  
One or two times he ſinn'd before the Lord,  
But I do daily, and in every word.  
He had ſome reaſon, by affliction,  
Yet, Lord, I ſin, and I get cause of none.  
It's nor affliction, neither outward ill,  
That makes me ſin, but a depraved will;  
into the black estate of nature dead I ly,  
In hath yet power in *Unregenerate* I.  
O gracious God! then what would I have done,  
If thou hadſt given me *Jobs* affliction?  
Were this weak vefſell, and this pot of clay,  
Would have been rapt in pieces every way,  
By *Crosses Hammer*, broken by despair;  
Thus, Lord, I'm frail, and these my failings are.

Give me *Jobs* faith and patience, I'le not ſtand  
To bear *Jobs* crosses at thy juſt command:  
But if thou doſt, to me ſhall not be given  
Rewards on earth; but give it, Lord, in heaven.

PSAL.



## PSAL. 95. 3.

For the Lord is a great God: and a great King above all gods.

## JOB 15. 16.

How much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water.

## ECCLES. 8. 6.

Because to every purpose there is time and judgement; therefore the misery of man is great upon him.

**G**reat G O D, my Muses cannot acquiesce  
Thus to behold thy glorious rayes so clear:  
My soul with wonder exhorresce,  
Tby shining feature makes me fear.

Each day and night I hear.

Thy glory multiplieth:

Thy creatures witnessse bear,

The heaven, earth, and seas.

## 2.

God man hath fram'd, and given a soul to him;  
Yet hee's a creature who doth not agree  
With his own soul, still seeking for to climb  
Beyond the reach of possibilitie.

He cannot quiet be,

But more and more requires;



Great God, what things would he,  
If he had his desires?

## 3.

O then! is God the caule and instrument  
Of evill? or is the Lord deprav'd, that he  
Beginneth mischief? No: Man doth invent  
His vain inventions, working wickedly.

Good God, thou mad'st him free,  
But he with sin deprav'd:  
Thy Son did die, that he  
A sinner might be sav'd.

## 4.

Then what is man, poor man, that he should so  
Foul his reasonable soul with sin?  
He's mortall, subject unto death and woe;  
He's plang'd in deep perplexity and pain.

He ever labours, yet in vain;  
His worldly troubles mount on hie:  
He works, and ne're receiveth gain:  
At last this wretched man must die.

## 5.

Then he arrives at this wide world, with tears  
He labours to bewail his worldly woe:  
And while he doth remain in younger years,  
Then he perceives the earth to be a foe:

Therefore from it he'll go,  
In sorrow and in pain:  
He's dust; God made him so,  
To dust he'll turn again.

POETICAL  
P R A Y E R S  
*Mingled with*  
S P I R I T - E J A C U L A T I O N S.

---

By *ARTHUR NASMYTH.*

---

PHIL. 6. 4.

Be carefull for nothing: but in every thing by Prayer, and supplication with thanksgiving, let your request be made to GOD.

JAM. 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of GOD, who giveth liberally to all men, and upbraideth not: and it shall be given him.

---

Vigilate & orate, ut in tentationem non intretis.

---

EDINBURGH, Printed, Anno, 1665.

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POETICAL  
**PRA YERS**  
*Mingled with*  
**SPIRIT-EJACULATIONS.**

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TO  
G O D,

**H**EAV'NS mighty King, rouse up my spirit bye  
Then my poor flesh expects, by winged prayer  
Flee, flee to God, my soul, let th' Elevation  
Of thy poor self, be in humiliation.  
Illuminate my mind, and ope mine eyes,  
That I may see a Ram to sacrifice.  
Let me not kill my Soul with vain inventions,  
But flee to God in Zeal, with good Intentions  
Let me with patience stand to see thy glorie,  
Let breathing be my Hearts Ambassador.

Thy poor Creature,  
THE WELL SPRING of Life.

# POETICALL PRAYERS

## I. Good inward Motions.

**L**ord, if this thought begin into mine heart,  
(Then shew thy glory, let it not depart )  
To invade my sins : Lord, gird thou me with  
Strength,  
That I may be victorious at length ;  
And, with a Pardon in my hand, may sing,  
Grave, where's thy triumph, Death, where is thy sting

## II. Of Conscience.

When thou sends Conscience for to cheek my sin,  
Then, Lord, with-hold a vile depraved heart  
For to deppresse my Conscience me within ;  
Lest with its Cusome I grow too expert.  
Lord, give me strength to overcome, look down,  
And give unto the Conquerour a Crown.

## III. Ignorance.

With ignorance I'm blind, and in a mist ;  
Grant this request, for this I do desire,  
Lord, in thy mercy let my soul be blest,  
Guide with a cloud in light, in dusk by fire.

*As this I will aspire,  
Thy truth for to implore ;*

Poeticall Prayers.

And deprecate, thine ire  
For now and evermore.

I V. Gods mercy to sinners.

Admire the Lord ! for he's so excellent,  
His mercy doth transcend his justice so,  
He saves all sinners when they do repent;  
The Lord delights not in a sinner's wo.  
Unload my Soul, O Lord , of sin, and I  
Will no more drag me with iniquity.  
Prostrate my Soul before thee, let it bring  
A contrite Spirit for an offering.

V. Keep holy the Sabbath.

Lord, when I enter in thy house of feasts,  
Teach me that holy reverence I owe :  
Let me not carve thy Scriptures unto feasts;  
Its done in faith, not fancie, make me know.

Let not for outward show,  
Me be conducted there :  
Thy fear on me bestow,  
Teach what thy precepts are.

V I. Mans frailty.

Thou knowes my frailty, and fragility.  
Give to me, Lord, what thou desires of me,  
And then my frailty, like to snow with fire  
Dissolving, will give what thou dost require  
Lord, we believe, if thou will but command,  
Grace shall exceed the number of the sand  
And mortify our frailty.

Then

## Poeticall Prayers.

Then give me leave to think within my mind,  
My heart's an *Altar*, and thou offering on't  
Tby blessings, and it smoaking on each part.  
Which may present the Prayers ( of my heart )  
Of thanks to thee, who did these blessings stow  
Upon my *heart*, my *Spirit* to decore.  
Remove my *frailty*, feed with sp'ituall food  
My Soul : but Lord, remove *Ingratitude*.

### VII. Be wearied of sin, pant after G O D.

**D**O not protract, O G O D !  
Come, love my lifelesse heart ;  
O ! do my Soul unload  
Of sin, and sinning art ;  
That so in every part,  
Thy *Acts* I may proclaim,  
Who haft reviv'd a heart,  
By thy miracolous name  
I'le wonder at the same,  
How thou haft pluckt me fro  
( By pow'r of ghy great name )  
The World my deadly foe,  
As thou haft sav'd me so,  
Lord cause me ever stille  
Give thanks unto thee, who  
Hast fre'd me from this ill.  
Cause me to worke thy will,  
E'er with a willing heart,  
Uphold me by thy skill,  
Let not thy sp'rits depart,

Poeticall Prayers.

VIII. Sins past.

If I have sinn'd against thee, let not me  
Excuse my sin with double flattery :  
Lest I thy curses, written in my scroll,  
Receive, in wrath and farie of thy gall.  
Who afferth this with God, they do no more  
But just approves the sin they did before.

O ! cleanse my heart from sin; Lord, cleanse me so;  
That this my Soul, may shine like so the now.

IX. Sins of Ignorance.

If 'gainst the Lord, in ignorance I sin,  
Then let me come before thee, and begin  
With broken Spirit to shew forth my wo,  
Repenting it, and I'll be cleansed so.  
Untop the bush, and see it, do thou bring  
A club to slay it, oyl to cure its sting.

X. Against these who hate God, and oppress his.

LORD I have no relief, but run to thee,  
When thy despisers love, me to oppresse.  
When they begin to count despightfully,  
Then will I with thy holy Name address,  
I am affested, and tell who dare  
To come against me, I proclaim against me war.  
No man av'combe me, or prevail  
I have not, more the gates of hell.

## Poeticall Prayers.

### X I. Strive against sin.

Lord, let my sin into my breast with me  
Have no concordance, let it not agree.  
Within my bosome ; lest thou, in thine ire,  
Cast Soul and Body, Sin and all in fire ;  
Or rather, Lord, because a sinfull creature  
Is odious to thy *High Diviner Nature* ;  
So, while i<sup>e</sup> doctrine remain within my mind,  
Draw near, and raise a conflict in within't ;  
Then thou a third, come i<sup>r</sup>, and take my part,  
Extract my sin, plant grace within mine heart ;  
Lord, shew thy glory, save a wretch, who had  
His totall comfort in a Saviours death.

### X I I. The Souls Journey.

Infuse thy Spirit, extrahate my soul  
From *Egypt* bondage, for to set thy will  
But let my Bosome int'rain no things  
That smell of *Pharaoh*, nor of *Egypt* singes ;  
And when I'm out of't, let thy Sp'it me blese  
Guide through the desert of worlds wilderness  
Divide my soul like *Jordan* in the way,  
Erect' it in heaps while I am passing by ;  
Lest, while I walk in't, I grow weaker 'tho  
The men of *Egypt*, and be drown'd in't  
And then within me let me suffer  
Memorial statues, that thou may'st protect  
Me from these hoods, which may my soul destroy  
Thus let me praise thee, and thy love i<sup>r</sup> true.



Οὐτως ἐν προσεύχεσθι ὑμεῖς. 3

*Sic ergo orabitis vos.*

*Our Father which art in Heaven.*

*Father in Heaven, adopt us, let the shewres  
Of grace rain on us, let us call THEE Ours:  
We got the wrath we merite; help us rather  
Be adopted Sons to GOD, Our Father.*

*I. Hallowed be Thy Name.*

*Revive my darkned spirit by thy pow'r,  
That it may live to blesse and praise the Doer:  
Us who're dead in sin, both live, and love to claim  
Int'rest in thy ever-Hallowed Name.*

*II. Thy Kingdome come.*

*O! make my soul pant for the living GOD,  
Lord, make me thirst to see thy blest abode:  
Awke up my lifelesse thought's; O! quicken some  
To cry by faith, Lord, let thy Kingdome come.*

*III. Thy will be done, &c.*

*Thy will be done, O Lord, what e're it be;  
Lord, thou canst not will amisse: to me  
Sinner, Lord, let grace be given;  
Thy will be done on earth as its in heaven.*

IV. *Give us this day, &c.*

In thee we live and move; therefore, Lord,  
 Of thee we have our only breath and being,  
 With food convenient, Jesus, do us feed,  
 Give us, O God, this day our daily bread.

V. *Forgive us our debts.*

Heav'ns Lord, we know not what a sp'rit we are  
 Our wrathfull hearts sin more than we're awar of;  
 O make us know thee, our wicked selves, and better  
 Forgive us, Lord, our debts, as we our debtors.

VI. *Lead us not into temptation.*

Deliver us from ill, O Lord; for we,  
 By vain inventions and infirmitie,  
 Are apt to slip: give us the renovation  
 Of twice-born sons; Lead's not into temptations.

## The Conclusion.

*Thine is the Kingdome, and thine is the power,  
 Thine is the glory; thou must be the Doer,  
 Else, when we fall, we cannot rise again:  
 Give, Lord, our wills may say to thine, A M E N.*

# ECULUM HOMINIS.

## Mans Looking-Glasse.

ECLES. 3. 1.

every thing there is a season, and a time to  
very purpose under the heaven.

verse 9. What profit bath he that worketh in  
that wherein he laboureth.

All things in humanitie,  
Are vexation and vanitie.

A Time's produc'd when Nature gives a child,  
A time's produc'd when Nature is exil'd :  
Or there are times of birth and times to die,  
And all these times produce but Vanitie.

In this vain time, there is a time to plant ;  
Yet here's not ill, that's not sufficient :  
But there's more to mark, even that which he  
hath planted, is but born vanity.

Now, when that's a time to kill,  
There's a time to heal.  
So produc'd, and thus they be,  
Child, with child of vanity.

There

There's other times to weep, to laugh, then to  
And see these times wherein we weep and mourn,  
But view them well, you'll see as well as I,  
That all these times are nought but vanity.

There is a time of casting stones, and then  
To gather; to embrace, and to refrain:  
Another time to find, another time there is  
Of loosing, and's enrich'd with vanities.

A time to *keep*, and *cast away*, and you  
Shall find a time to *rent*, a time to *sell*.  
Another time there is to *silent be*,  
A time to *speak*, and yet but *vanity*.

There is a time to hate, to love, and there  
Are likewise times for golden-peace, and war.  
Mark well these *Times*, and they will all descry  
Poor mans vexation, poor mans vanity.

In birth, in death, in planting and in pulling,  
In breaking down, in building and in killing;  
In healing too, in all these Times we see,  
Poor mans vexation, poor mans vanitie.

Even so in Times of laughing and of weeping,  
In times of mourning and in times of rejoicing,  
In casting stones, in gathering, we see  
Nought but vexation, naught but vanity.

In times of getting, keeping, and imbracing,  
And in restraining, scattering, and losing;  
In venting, sewing, we may plainly see,  
Frail man's vexation, frail man's vanity.

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Yet here's not all, that's not sufficient :  
But there's a time to pluck, even that which he  
hath planted, is all mere vanity.

There is a time to kill, and that's a time to kill,  
There is a time to heal, and that's a time to heal.  
There is a time to produc'd, and thus they be,  
Child, with child of vanity.

There

1445 Living stuff.

There's other times to weep, to laugh, then  
And see these times wherein we weep and mourn,  
But view them well, you'll see as well as I,  
That all these times are nought but vanity.

There is a time of casting stones, and then  
To gather; to embrace, and to refrain:  
Another time to find, another time there is  
Of loosing, and's enrich'd with vanities.

A time to keep, and cast away, and you  
Shall find a time to rent, a time to sew:  
Another time there is to silent be,  
A time to speak, and yet but vanity.

There is a time to hate, to love, and there  
Are likewise times for golden-peace, and war.  
Mark well these Times, and they will all descrie  
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In birth, in death, in planting and in pulling,  
In breaking down, in building and in killing,  
In healing too, in all these Times we see,  
Poor mans vexation, poor mans vanity.

Even so in Times of laughing and of weeping,  
In times of mourning and in times of joy,  
In casting stones, in gathering, we see  
Nought but vexation, nought but vanity.

In times of getting, keeping, and embracing,  
And in restraining, scattering, and lossing;  
In renting, sewing, we may plainly see,  
Frail mans vexation, frail mans vanity.

we behold in times of silence keepings  
time of love, of hate, in time of speaking,  
times of war, and peace, a man may see  
his own vexation, his own vanity.

Heavens potent Prince, do thou refine me so  
that I, frail I, Times vanity may know,  
And be converted unto Thee, who can  
Apply these times to me, yet not in vain:  
Then let there be a time, when such as I  
May both be born to thee, and so may die.  
O ! plant my heart with grace, and pluck thou out  
The errors that's within't, and thereabout.  
O ! kill my foes, and heal my heart that hath  
A wound therein, Lord, build me up in Faith.  
Break down these Idols, that my heart adores,  
Restrain my hands from rowing with the oars  
Of subtill Satan, O ! let me refrain  
Or to imbrace such (doubtlesse) pleasant pain.  
O ! let me find thy Favour, let me loose  
These gilded actions, that my heart suppose  
Pleasant, induring: keep me, Lord, I pray,  
Within thy Volumne, cast me not away.  
O ! cause mine eyes to mourn, my heart to rent,  
Because my dayes are few, and badly spent.  
O ! let each time be such a time to me,  
That every time may write Eternity.



F. T. N. C. I. S.

